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FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

ON A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

(Glaucus.)

No dust nor stone, the sea before your eyes,
This is the grave where Erasippus lies.
He perished with his vessel in the deep,
The sea birds, only, know his place of sleep.

THE DEAD SONG-BIRD.

(Tymnes.)

Singer to the Graces dear,
Hushed is now the halcyon tongue,
Death has snatched thee far from here,
And thy latest song is sung.

Nevermore thy sweetest lays,
Little bird will give delight!
Thine are now the silent ways
Through the silent paths of night.

ON ONE DYING IN A DISTANT LAND.

(Author unknown.)

Straight the descent to Hades, though you be
In Athens or in distant Meroë.
Why grieve to die away from home, since one
The wind from every land to Acheron?

Translated by Harold F. Andersen.

The Saturday Review.

ST. MARY'S BELLS

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
By San Marie lagoon,
The bells they chime and jingle
From dawn to afternoon.
They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.

Oh, who are the men that ring them,
The bells of San Marie,
Oh, who but sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea,
And merrily in the belfries
They rock and sway and hale,
And send the bells a-jangle,
And down the lusty ale.

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
To hear the beaten bells
Come booming into music,
Which throbs, and clangs, and swells,
From sunset till the daybreak,
From dawn to afternoon.
In port of Holy Mary
On San Marie Lagoon.

John Masefield.

THE GARDEN.

In Spring she made a garden, near an orchard on a hill,
And half that garden's Providence, the rest is all Free Will.
It's Providence that plants the flowers, pure luck that kills the weeds;
She planned to make it beautiful, and wild birds brought the seeds.

Green beeches whisper round it, and a river sings below
A song of pools and shallows, where the herons come and go.
There's incense like St. Peter's on a wayward Devon breeze,
And infinite lamenting of the doves among the trees.

Outside the wall of broken stone wild hinds are wooed by stags;
Inside the sunlight lingers on the lavender and flags.
And nothing has an enemy where flowers and weeds are grown;
The Gospel of that garden is, leave all the nests alone.

Far better than all gardens is a garden of a mood—
Columbus might have found it, and, in finding, understood.
The wanderers in waste places they can feel and understand
The spirit of deep quiet in the commune that she planned.

If I was King of England, and I lost my golden crown,
If I was Mayor of London, and they hunted me from Town,
I'd seek the secret garden, and the hidden place that She
Gave for a joy to birds and flowers, and men God made like me.

Ben Kendim.

The Spectator.

JAPAN'S STATUS AMONG THE NATIONS.*

I.

What is Japan's status in the comity of the enlightened nations of the world? Have her victories on the battlefield and sea, coupled with her peaceful progress, secured for her a position of honor among the great Powers and entitled her citizens to treatment equal to that accorded to natives of the various Occidental countries? Or is she still an inferior race, somewhat superior to the other Asiatic peoples to be sure, but nevertheless occupying a rank below that of the members of the Western Concert?

These questions have been incessantly asked by both Orientals and Occidentals ever since the days when the soldiers and sailors of Japan grappled with Russia's land and sea forces. They have elicited much discussion, and have been answered by a host of writers, white and yellow, who have published numerous monographs relating to the transition through which the Island Empire has been passing. An indirect reply has been vouchsafed by the treaties which Japan has been able to secure from the Powers, and the manner in which the Nipponese diplomats, financiers, commercialists, students, and immigrants have been treated in foreign lands.

However, when we come to dissect these answers, what do we find? Most of the books on Japan that are available are trashy, unreliable, and not worthy of the slightest notice. The few volumes that merit recognition do, indeed, give us much valuable information regarding the march of the Oriental nation on the path of progress: but some err by lauding the accomplishments of the Japanese to the skies, and others by disparaging their modernization as a mere surface veneer; on the one hand depicting the Nipponese as being equal in every way to the most enlightened of peoples, and on the other describing them as semi-barbarians. The number of works which are really discriminating is extremely limited. Therefore going through the conclusions arrived at either in the spirit of idolatry or of racial prejudice leaves one bewildered in a jungle of words.

Similarly, the indirect reply, when analyzed, gives us but a confused notion of the existing state of affairs. So far as the Japanese treaties with the Powers go, the old, humiliating conditions requiring that Japan should not levy more than a small impost (five per cent *ad valorem*) upon imports from Europe and America, and that she should exempt aliens living within her borders from the operations of her criminal laws, allowing them to be tried entirely by their own consular courts; which deprived her of the power of fiscal autonomy, subjected her to the interference of Western diplomats who, by nature of their office, had to be the henchmen of the commerçialists of their own nations, and who, in some instances, were traders themselves, and laid her

*"Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation." By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan & Co., 1904.)
"Japan by the Japanese." Edited by Alfred Stead. (Heinemann, 1904.)
"Great Japan." By Alfred Stead. (Heinemann, 1905.)
"Things Japanese." By Basil Hall Chamberlain. (John Murray, 1905.)
"Japanese Education." By Baron Kikuchi. (Murray, 1909.)
"Fifty Years of New Japan (Kaikoku Gojunen Shi)." Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma. English version, edited by Marcus B. Huish. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co., second edition, 1910.)
"The Full Recognition of Japan." By Robert P. Porter. (Oxford University Press, 1911.)
"Empires of the Far East." By Lancelot Lawton. 2 vols. (Grant Richards, 1912.)

open to the anomaly of harboring foreigners within her gates who were altogether out from under her jurisdiction,—have been obliterated, once for all. Indeed, the agreements that Japan has recently been able to make with the Western nations enable her citizens and traders to enjoy rights and privileges similar to those which she has conceded to the subjects of those countries within her territories. These treaties, when examined in the light of the treatment accorded by the civilized world to Nippon's diplomatic agents and commercialists, distinctly signify that the Daybreak Empire is not a pariah amongst the Powers.

But the minute we begin to investigate the attitude of the British Colonies and the United States of America towards the Japanese immigrants, this assurance disappears almost to the vanishing point. The Nipponese are deemed undesirable in Australia, in British Columbia, and throughout the Western portion of the United States, where the authorities, overtly or covertly, actively or passively, are resisting their entry and seeking to prevent them from acquiring property rights. Until quite lately the statesmanship shown so conspicuously by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt during their incumbency of the Premiership of Canada and the Presidency of the United States of America in restraining the provincial and State authorities under their respective control from taking any action which would sting the national susceptibilities of Japan to the point of inciting her to engage in an avenging war, and the disposition to pour oil on the troubled waters displayed by *Dai Nippon*, which led her to make somewhat compromising "arrangements" with the immigration authorities of the Western coast of North America, have prevented the Japanese grievances from flaming into a blaze. But the position of Nipponese immigrants in those portions of the world generally considered by the white man to be his own preserves has, to say the least, remained anomalous. The recent action taken by the State Legislature of California, U. S. A., in passing an Act which is principally aimed at keeping the Japanese from acquiring land within its jurisdiction, carried the discrimination against the Mikado's subjects to a point which it never before has reached in America. As a consequence, meetings have been held in Japan to protest against the stigma of inferiority being cast upon the Nipponese by the action of California, and there has even been talk of settling accounts with those who have offered affront by this measure. Just what action the United States Federal authorities propose to take in the matter, or what they will be able to do to assuage the hurt Nipponese feelings, is not yet known, and is relatively immaterial to our immediate purpose. The way matters stand at present, the Japanese—despite legal fictions and despite the fact that they do not pay a head-tax, as the Chinese do when they enter British Columbia, for instance—do not enjoy an immigration status equal to the lowest and least-civilized of Europeans.

These considerations leave the issue as to Japan's position in the comity of nations in a confused state, warranting one in asserting that the world has so far utterly failed to return an authoritative reply as to just where the Japanese stand in the scale of nations, in the absence of which we have only the claims of the Japanese and pro-Japanese, and the attacks and calumnies of Japan's detractors, to furnish a vague, contradictory, and unreliable standard wherewith to gauge the status of present-day Nippon. However, since the action of

the California Legislature and similar recent events have opened up the questions involved in American-Japanese relations, and the economic and racial problems bound up with the emigration of Asiatics to America, and, indeed, to all parts of the world appropriated by the Caucasians, an attempt may be made, in the light of what is known, to determine Japan's status in the comity of nations.

The best way to proceed with the inquiry is first briefly to recall the circumstances which led Nippon to give up her centuries-old policy of holding herself aloof from the rest of the world, and to trace how, by stepping out of her seclusion, she was led to bring her institutions up to the level of those of Western nations; then to outline just what she has actually achieved in the way of modernizing herself; and finally to determine just how her present-day civilization compares with that of the Western peoples, and judge if it qualifies her to be received into the circle of enlightened countries.

II.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Japan led an isolated life, with a subtle but impenetrable wall erected around her sea-girt kingdom. This barrier had only one opening, the port of Nagasaki. No foreigners were allowed to enter except a few Dutch and Chinese, who traded there under strict official supervision bought at the expense of some bribery and much humiliation. Though some slight attempt was made by a few naturally progressive Japanese to learn from the Dutch something of the world beyond the sea that surrounded Japan on all sides, yet, on the whole, the reactionary elements were much too strong to permit the dissemination of such knowledge amongst the Islanders. The least endeavor made by the Nipponese to climb over the barrier or have anything to do with the foreigners was severely punished. The United States of America, anxious to establish friendly intercourse with the natives of the land of the Rising Sun, sent Commodore Perry in charge of two frigates, the *Susquehanna* and the *Mississippi*, and two sloops, the *Saratoga* and the *Plymouth*—which at that time appeared to be a formidable fleet to the secluded Japanese. The American Commissioner knew that *Dai Nippon* did not permit alien ships (even including vessels carrying ambassadors) to enter its waters at any other port than Nagasaki, but he boldly sailed into Uraga, then an outport to the Bay of Yedo (Tokyo)—on which was situated the capital of the Shogun, in whose line for about 260 years had reposed the dictatorship of the country, the Emperor having been a mere puppet in the usurper's hands—arriving on July 8, 1853. Perry determined upon this move because he wished to show the Nipponese that he was in no mood to pocket the insults which had been meted out to the meek, money-grubbing Dutch and Chinese. He was asked by the Shogunate authorities to repair to Nagasaki, but he refused point-blank to do so, and took the occasion to inform them of his mission and urge upon them the advisability of meeting his demands. Uncommonly sagacious as he was, the Special Commissioner not only knew how to be firm in extorting respect for himself, but also when and where to yield, and could do so gracefully. Therefore, in view of the conditions that he found confronting him, he deemed it advisable not to press for an immediate response to his overtures, but decided to leave the dispatch which he had brought from Washington, and depart, promising to call for his reply later. Perry's arrival was taken to forebode ill for the

Sunrise Empire, and was made a signal for the usurper to send for the feudal barons and urge them to prepare for war. These preparations continued during the time the American was stationed at Uraga, and were not relaxed after he sailed away. But though the Japanese strove hard to render their defences impregnable, when the Commodore returned after a short time for his reply the Shogunate divined the futility of offering resistance, and after some parleying signed a treaty at Kanagawa on March 31, 1854, in which Japan promised to accord kind treatment to shipwrecked sailors; to permit foreign vessels to obtain stores and provisions within their territories; and to allow American ships to anchor in the ports of Shimoda (100 miles south of the present capital), and Hakodaté (in the northern province of Hokkaido), nothing being said about Japan according trade or diplomatic privileges to America, an omission which again showed the shrewdness of Perry. The commercial treaty came later, in 1858.

America's success in opening up relations with the Japanese in the face of European failures proved the opening wedge which, in a few years, was destined to shatter the conservatism which held Nippon aloof from the world. Shortly after the signing of the Convention at Kanagawa, the Shogun entered into similar agreements with Great Britain and other European Powers. The grant of concessions to foreigners, as was to be expected, threw the nation, hermit as it had heretofore been, into an anti-alien fever which kept increasing day by day, causing much concern to the Shogunate. This prompted the usurper then in power to endeavor to have his decision ratified by the Court, and thereby strengthen his position. But he had counted without his host. The Emperor Komei, like his immediate predecessors, had been brought up and had lived at Kyoto, his dynastic capital, entirely screened from any influences which might have enlightened him regarding the changes that were going on at the time in the land, and in the great wide world outside Japan, and around him were gathered equally conservative courtiers, many of whom nursed hereditary enmity towards the Shogun. Naturally enough, therefore, the appeal to the Mikado resulted in an adverse decision, which placed the "power behind the throne" in a compromising situation and ruined his prestige in the eyes of those over whom he exercised authority and of the foreigners with whom he had negotiated as the Ruler of the country. The fiasco resulted in untold complications. Some outrages were perpetrated against the pro-foreigner Japanese and a few aliens, the latter leading to the bombardment of Kaogoshima by the British squadron in 1863, and of Shimonoséki by the combined fleets of England, France, America, and Holland, a year later.

Finally the last Shogun, Tokugawa Yoshinobu, desiring to settle the whole controversy and get rid of the complexities that were harassing him and causing a constant uproar in the land, listened to the counsel of some of his sagacious advisers and issued a proclamation. This was remarkable because it showed that there existed at that time men who realized that dual authority was weakening the country and preparing the way for the swallowing up of the Empire by the land-hungry foreigners. But unfortunately for Japan, some of the followers of the usurper were not so willing as were those who counselled Yoshinobu to end the existing state of affairs. They protested against his surrender, and persuaded him to join with them. This action provoked their feudal

enemies to open fight, which resulted in the definite defeat of the Shogun. This civil war came to an end in about a year, and as a result of it, the dual régime was gone, once for all, and the Emperor's rights were restored to him.

The Mikado, his Imperial Majesty the late Mutsuhito (a compound word meaning affectionate and humane) whom the turn of the wheel of Fate thus made supreme, had been born a year prior to the date when Commodore Perry landed at Yedo, and was therefore, at this time, about sixteen years old. He had succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, the Emperor Komei, on February 13, 1867. He was again crowned on October 13, 1868, to mark the change signified by the submergence of the usurper, on which occasion he took a solemn oath in which he promised that—

1. Public councils shall be organized, and all governmental affairs shall be decided by general discussion.
2. All classes, both rulers and ruled, shall with one heart devote themselves to the advancement of the national interests.
3. All the civil and military officials and all the common people shall be allowed to realize their own aspirations, and to evince their active characteristics.
4. All base customs of former times shall be abolished, and justice and equity as they are universally recognized shall be followed.
5. Knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world, and thus the foundations of the Empire shall be established.[1]

This is considered to be the *Magna Charta* of Japan, and well it may be so regarded, for in addition to laying down an embryonic constitution for the country, it boldly admitted the necessity of wiping out evil institutions and sitting at the feet of the enlightened nations to gain knowledge. When it is borne in mind that until five years previously the Nipponese had refused to have anything whatsoever to do with foreigners, the revolutionary change of attitude implied by this declaration of principles is better grasped, and makes one marvel at the wonderful adjustability displayed by the Mikado (and of his councillors) while their neighbors on the mainland of Asia were calling the aliens "devils" and "barbarians," and disdaining their civilization—something which many of them continue to do in this, the second decade of the twentieth century.

In November, 1868, the birthday of the Mikado was celebrated with much éclat throughout Japan, and on that day commenced the *Meiji* (literally "Restoration") era, which, as its name signifies, meant the period in which, on the break-down of the Shogunate, the power of the Emperor had been restored to him.

III.

When this change occurred, the organization of the Japanese government and society was extremely inefficient. The land was split up into some 270 petty baronies. Each lord (*daimyo*) was semi-independent. He assessed and collected taxes and paid the stipends of his retainers (*samurai*), out of them. These followers bore two swords on their persons, acquired little else than "ornamental" culture, disdained all productive work, considered themselves far superior to the farmers and artisans, who were not allowed to bear arms, and formed themselves into a rigid caste. Just prior to the fall of the Shogun some effort had been made to organize them into corps drilled and equipped in the Occidental style, and even to build battleships plied by steam; but not much progress had

[1] "Fifty Years of New Japan," vol. i, p. 141.

been made in this direction when the change came. The cultivators and craftsmen worked without the aid of power-driven machinery, and employed the most primitive implements and methods. Below them was a class of people known as the *eta*, very much like the "untouchables" of modern India, who were despised like lepers by their social betters. Such a state of affairs promoted jealousies and discord amongst the ruling class, gave an exaggerated opinion of their importance to the military men, and kept them from following any useful occupation; while it subjected the real producers of wealth to the injustice of being compelled to bear the whole burden of taxation on their shoulders,[1] made it impossible for them to acquire the ability to defend their own rights, and, by crushing their spirit, condemned them to continue to be beasts of burden, without any ambition to improve their condition by using better methods and implements in their farm work and trades. This disunited, inefficient organization was wofully ill-prepared to stem the tide of Occidental aggression which had already submerged an important part of Asia, and was at that time lapping against the shores of Japan.

Happily for *Dai Nippon*, the exigencies of the times roused a spirit of patriotism in the ruling classes which, until then, had remained an unknown source of strength, and which was destined to regenerate the nation in course of time, and render it secure against alien machinations. The Emperor, though a mere lad (or, if you insist upon it, those who advised him and acted in his name at that time), perceived that a revolutionary change was needed in Imperial life, and that unless he discharged the duties which the transformed circumstances had thrust upon him as Ruler, a dire fate would befall the land. Realizing this, he did not hesitate to give up treading in the primrose path of dalliance pursued by his predecessors. He removed his court from the tainted atmosphere of the ancient capital, Kyoto, which, for over two centuries, had been associated with the impotence of the monarch, to the freer environment of Tokyo, which had served as the governmental seat of the Shogunate and which, during the later years of that régime, had become the centre of foreign influence, where, unhampered by past Court precedents, the foundations of the new administration could be laid. He also received the diplomatic corps, thereby shattering the tradition which held his person too sacred to be gazed upon by others than his immediate relations and the nobles. Similarly, the powerful feudal barons, alive to the danger that threatened them without, conquered their inordinate pride, cast aside their petty, personal jealousies, and, of their own free will, laid their fiefs at the feet of their Emperor and begged him to reorganize the Empire.

Taking advantage of the patriotic offers of the barons, all but seventeen of whom had joined in petitioning the sovereign, the feudalistic basis of government was gradually demolished. At first the lords were set up as provincial governors, and charged with the collection of the taxes, as of old, which they remitted to the Treasury minus one-tenth, allotted to them for themselves and their retainers. On August 29, 1871, this system was changed by the eviction of the barons from their gubernatorial positions and by ordering that the taxes be paid directly to the Imperial Treasury, the peers being allowed to enjoy their one-tenth tithe of the imposts and asked to live in Tokyo. The administration

[1] According to Captain Brinkley, the average rate of taxation during the Shogunate was not less than 40 per cent of the gross produce, and fell altogether upon the lower classes.

was organized into a bureaucracy by departmentalizing the governmental activities after the European fashion, with this exception, that the heads of the various bureaus were not responsible to a popularly elected assembly, but directly to the Emperor, who appointed them, and could dismiss or punish them. As was natural, the higher offices were filled with the barons and nobles who had been instrumental in the restoration of the Emperor's power; and this arrangement was destined to continue for many years.

Quite early in the *Meiji* era the Government took in hand the matter of settling the status of the *samurai*, offering to commute their pensions on the basis of four years' purchase for a life pension, and six years' purchase for a hereditary stipend. In 1872, when the war department was bifurcated into the Army and Navy Bureaus, these retainers were relieved of their obligation to serve in the force, and the conscript system was introduced, requiring every male, irrespective of his class or rank, capable of bearing arms, to render military service. The men belonging to the old warrior caste naturally resented drilling beside those whom they had always despised as their social inferiors: and the conservatives openly doubted the wisdom of admitting into the army men who lacked hereditary skill. But the Government went ahead, firm in the faith that in the end all difficulties would disappear, and the policy would justify itself by its results. An edict issued in 1876 made it compulsory for the feudal retainers to commute their pensions; while another forbade them to wear two swords, which theretofore had been their birthright.

So far this reconstruction had proceeded in peace, but in 1877 Saigo Takamori, a leader of the Satsuma clan, made an insult offered to the nation by Korea a pretext to stir up all those who, lacking patriotism and far-sight, had resented the innovations that had been introduced, and embroiled the country in a civil war. The forces of order and progress were ranged on the Emperor's side, and these, within six months, subdued the insurrection. The rebellion, however, cost the lives of 30,000 men on both sides. But finally when the Imperial forces, whose ranks included the sons of peasants and artisans, vanquished the *samurai*, the ascendancy of the barons and their henchmen was shattered, and the foundation on which the feudalistic structure had rested was destroyed. The feudal barons (*daimyo*) and the court nobles (*kuge*) were shorn of their titles, and both were amalgamated into a class styled *kwazoku* (later partitioned into four subdivisions), as distinguished from the commoners, who were called *heimin*. Simultaneously with this, the pariahs (*eta*) were socially uplifted and their disabilities removed. The Buddhist Church was deprived of the distinction of being the State religion, and freedom of conscience was granted to all.

While these socio-administrative changes were being inaugurated, the authorities were busy opening up internal and external means of communication, developing agriculture and home crafts, installing improved machinery to ply industries and work mines, laying out forests, establishing an efficient army, navy, police, and judiciary, codifying laws, building prisons and systematizing their administration, organizing medical, sanitary, and educational systems, and, in the wake of literacy, decentralizing the Government by the institution of local boards, municipalities, and representative bodies. In other words, the task that the Japanese Govern-

ment set before itself at the commencement of the *Meiji* era was not merely the performing of the functions of protecting life and property, opening up communications and keeping them in an efficient condition, and educating the rising generation, to which most administrations limit themselves, but in addition it undertook to modernize industry and finance, and revolutionize the structure of society, and especially feminine conditions. Since at that time the Government consisted of a coterie of a few statesmen, the descendants of feudal clansmen (known as *geniro*, or "elder statesmen"), it meant that the face of their country was to be literally and not merely figuratively changed at their will and by them. Never did another oligarchy voluntarily assume such a stupendous task. Fifty years ago, when the most progressive governments in Europe hesitated to undertake anything worthy of notice beyond the orthodox functions of administration, it needed a great deal of courage for Japan to shoulder this great responsibility.

This ambition was materialized by utilizing the knowledge gained by a few Japanese from their limited contact with Westerners; employing competent foreigners to help to initiate reforms, introduce American and European machinery and methods, and instruct the Nipponese in the liberal arts and sciences, professions and trades; and by sending promising young men and (mark you) women to the United States of America and several European countries to observe how the Occidental nations lived and worked, study their civilizations, imbibe their spirit, learn their methods, and master the use of their machinery and tools. Bearing in mind the fact that within a few years of the time when this policy was framed Japan had lived in strict isolation, screened off from the rest of the world, one cannot forbear marvelling at the progressiveness and longsightedness of its authors.

From what I have been privileged to learn from some of those Japanese statesmen who assisted in the framing of this programme, I gather that it was laid down that Japan was to ruthlessly pluck out of her social economy every institution that hampered the nation's progress, but, at the same time, she was to preserve and develop all that was good and useful in her old civilization. Nothing was to be taken from the West that the nation could not assimilate. The task was not to be regarded as finished unless and until the foreign institutions had actually become engrafted upon the Japanese systems so that they lived and thrived, and gradually the graft and parent tree became one and indivisible. Japan's ideal was not merely to be an imitator of America and Europe, but to so make Western knowledge her own that the natives would be able to improve upon that which had been acquired to meet their own requirements.

But as is inevitable in such cases, the Nipponese were at first not able rigidly to adhere to this splendid course of action. Stepping out from the shadows of their ages-old exclusiveness into the mid-day sunshine of Western civilization, their eyes were so blinded by the glare that they could scarcely see anything wrong in foreign institutions, or anything right in their own; and many of them replaced their former habits and customs with foreign ones by wholesale. This indiscrimination inspired by excessive zeal led them to commit many mistakes, probably the greatest amongst them being the crushing out of the national system of local government. Their eagerness to make rapid progress also sometimes caused them to sacri-

fice quality, and infringe upon the patent rights of foreigners. During the years of transition some of them behaved towards the alien traders in a manner calculated to lay them open to the charge of lacking commercial morality. But the wide-awake amongst them have already realized these defects, deplored them, and sought to get rid of them. The Nipponese have been able, during the latter years of their development, almost completely to overcome these undesirable tendencies, and as a result their recent advancement has been better ordered, more even, deeper, and more abiding.

IV.

What are the results of the activities set into motion by the impact of the Occident upon Japan? A broad, general outline of the changes effected during the four and a half decades that have passed since the *Meiji* era began may be given.

The face of the three principal islands, namely Hokkaido (30,275 square miles), Honshiu (86,770 square miles), and Shikoku (7,032 square miles), which constitute Japan proper, and, roughly speaking, at present possess a population of about 55,000,000 souls, has been changed by a network of elaborate, costly, and efficient means of communication of which any nation may justly be proud. Beginning with actually nothing, or next to nothing, Japan has established railways, tramways, wire and wireless telegraphs, sea cables, telephones, and post offices; improved the existing roads and bridges, developed harbors and a merchant marine and made navigation safe in the Japanese waters, to such purpose that the ends of government, industries, trade and commerce and private communication are adequately and efficiently served.

Japan has greatly improved and extended its handicrafts and established gigantic power industries. Amongst the latter, that of shipbuilding has had probably the most marvellous career. At the beginning of the *Meiji* era little was attempted except the building of wooden junks. But since then, and especially since the passing of the Shipbuilding Encouragement Act in 1896, Government and private yards have been established where Dreadnoughts, protected and unprotected cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, and merchant vessels are constructed, and where armor plate and the heaviest and latest pattern of guns and machinery are manufactured. The biggest of them all is the Yokosuko yard, covering 116 acres, with a graving dock large enough to accommodate any ship afloat, and two big building slips, besides three smaller ones. The Kuré yard has to its credit the feat of building and launching an armored vessel, the *Ibuki*, six months after the keel was laid. This yard can construct guns and mountings of the largest type, and can turn out all the armor plate to meet the needs of the navy for many years to came.

Equally remarkable progress has been made in the manufacture of weapons. The arsenal at Tokyo makes a speciality of rifles and their ammunition. Ordnance is constructed at the Osaka Arsenal, and powder is made at four explosives factories. A private explosives factory covers 300 acres, and manufactures 300 tons of explosives daily. The invention of the Murata infantry rifle and the Arisaka quick-firing gun, and the ability to manufacture 12-inch guns, renders Japan practically independent of foreign supplies of this character, while a £1,000,000 foundry makes it possible to produce at home practically all the iron and steel needed for building and equipping ships of all kinds.

To insure her interests against foreign encroachment and internal disorder, Japan has reorganized her army according to the Western pattern, and established a navy and constabulary, both also after the Occidental model. The army and navy were, during the *Meiji* era, called to action in the Chino-Japanese War of 1894; in the Boxer Uprising of 1900; and the Russo-Japanese War of the past decade (in addition to which the soldiery suppressed the *Satsuma* Rebellion, to which reference has been made). Though of late some attempt has been made to belittle the achievement of the Japanese fighting forces during the conflict with Russia, yet all fair-minded critics admit that they demonstrated their prowess in a remarkable manner, and proved that the Nipponese can successfully fight the Occidentals with their own weapons. In 1862 the army consisted of 13,625 officers and men. In 1894, Japan was able to send an army of 240,000 trained men, 6,495 irregulars, and 100,000 coolies to fight China. In 1911-12 she had a war establishment of 1,650,000 and a peace establishment of 225,000, all recruited by conscription.

At present Japan's navy consists of sixteen battleships, including two of the Dreadnought type; thirteen armored cruisers; two first class, twelve second class, and five third class protected cruisers; four unprotected cruisers; three torpedo vessels; fifty-seven torpedo-boat destroyers; fifty-seven torpedo boats; and twelve submarines. In 1913 she stands fifth in respect of battleships, having outstripped Russia and Italy in this respect. As regards "Dreadnoughts and ships launched since 1906 which may be considered fit to 'lie in line,'" as classified by the *Naval Annual* in 1910, she ranked fifth, and was ahead of Austria and Italy. In the matter of ships building and built of Dreadnought or super-Dreadnought armament, she ranked fourth in 1912. She is, to-day, the only power possessing a Dreadnought in the Pacific, and this gives her a position of supremacy so far as those waters are concerned. Besides this formidable fleet ready for action, she has two battleships, four battle cruisers, two second-class protected cruisers, two torpedo-boat destroyers, and three submarines in course of construction, and is straining her finances to be the mistress of the Eastern seas as England is supreme in Western waters, having spent the better part of the £35,000,000 sanctioned at the end of the Russo-Japanese war for building new ships, repairing old vessels, and those captured from Russia, the whole of which sum will be exhausted by 1917.

The Japanese, in learning from the West how to butcher soldiers and sailors, have not neglected to adopt from the same source the system of Red Cross relief. Indeed, that work has enlisted the interest of the Nipponese from the Dowager Empress down to the mistress of the meanest cottage. The organization is now completed, and the Japanese Red Cross has been recognized by sister movements in Europe and America.

The campaigns in which Japan has engaged (or their aftermath) have resulted in extending the Mikado's Empire by the acquirement (permanent or temporary) of Karafuto or Japanese Saghalien (13,000 square miles in area and with a population of 26,000); Formosa (with an area of 13,500 square miles and a population of about 3,500,000); Corea (71,000 square miles in extent and with 12,000,000 inhabitants); a part of Manchuria; and the Kwantung Peninsula (covering 200 square miles, with 400,000 population). Space forbids reference to the changes inaugurated by the Jap-

anese in these possessions, and we must content ourselves with the mere statement that she has introduced railways, roads, telegraphs, irrigation canals, public offices, schools, and hospitals, and has established and developed agriculture and industries.

The Government, after its reconstruction in the *Meiji* era, gave almost immediate attention to the constitution and training of the police, and this attention has never been relaxed. As a consequence a constabulary system has been evolved which, though somewhat deficient as compared with those of Europe and America, yet is well organized and honest. It consisted, in 1904, of 33,473 officers and men, and carried on its operations in 15,521 offices and stations. The ratio of police to population in that year was about one to every 1,357 units.

The organization of the judiciary, the codification of laws, the building up of prisons, and the evolving of the prison system on the basic principle that all are equal before the law, that each individual has a right to be properly charged and tried, and that the State owes it to itself and to its citizens to concern itself with the care of the health of those convicted and to seek to enlighten their minds and reclaim their souls, was early taken in hand and has been satisfactorily completed. The civil, criminal, and commercial laws have gone through one or more revisions, and are patterned after the legal codes of France and Germany, modified in the light of Japanese customs and requirements. The best proof of the efficiency of the legal institutions of Japan was furnished when the European nations (so fastidious in such cases) recently surrendered their extra-territorial privileges and submitted their subjects and citizens from thence on to be tried by Nipponese judges and according to Japanese laws.

The efforts of the government to organize medical relief and give the people the benefits of modern hygiene and sanitation have borne abundant fruit. About a thousand hospitals are dotted over the land, many of them charitable institutions maintained by philanthropic ladies, some especially conducted for lepers, and others for poor children. According to a recent census there were 35,160 physicians, 2,898 pharmacists, 26,837 apothecaries, and 25,959 midwives, all of whom were under the supervision of the Sanitary Bureau of the Home Department; while 9,664 school physicians made physical examinations of the pupils at fixed intervals, with a view to promoting the health of the rising generation.

Intellectual advancement has kept pace with all other reforms. When the Emperor Mutsuhito came to the throne, learning was very much restricted amongst men, and was practically non-existent amongst women. Education of a utilitarian nature was looked down upon by the upper classes, who acquired more or less proficiency in verse-making and the classics; while the lower castes did not possess the facilities to learn even to read and write and do simple sums in arithmetic. Starting without any nucleus whatever, a system of public instruction was established early in the *Meiji* era, based upon the idea that in course of time there should not be a single home with an illiterate member, and not a single village with an unlettered family; and that particular attention was to be paid to the education of agriculturists, artisans, and women. This aim has been kept steadfastly in view, and gradually an educational system has been built up comprising academic, agricultural, technical, professional, art, industrial

and commercial instruction, from the lowest to the highest grade. Primary education for years has been compulsory and free. Special attention has been paid to physical culture and ethical development. In 1909-10 there were 7,319,390 children of both sexes, or 98.06 per cent of schoolables attending institutions of learning; and by that year the stigma of illiteracy had been almost completely wiped off the face of Japan. No country in the world can show such a marvellous advancement towards literacy as that of the Daybreak Empire. Nippon, however, has not been made vain by this achievement, but continues to lavish attention and money upon public instruction, spending over 9,000,000 yen a year on that head.

Japan's efforts to impart knowledge to her citizens, besides resulting in all the progress to which attention has been called, have enabled her to make noteworthy advancement in literature, journalism, fine arts, drama, and music, and have led to the amelioration of feminine conditions and to the reconstruction of government.

When the Shogun was shorn of his powers, the womanhood of Japan was benighted, abided in seclusion, segregated from members of the opposite sex except near male relatives, and lived solely to cater to the whims and caprices of man. By means of primary and higher education and pedagogic, industrial, technical, professional and commercial training for women, and the enactment of laws giving them more equitable property and divorce laws, these conditions have been greatly improved. Education and contact with foreigners have also improved male notions regarding women and worked toward the same end. Though the status of females is not, as yet, what modern requirements decree, the rate at which progress is being made gives promise that ere long the deficiencies in this respect will be removed.

The administration of the land has changed from absolutism to limited monarchy. The functions of Government have been departmentalized, and capable men have been installed as chiefs of the various bureaus. In 1889 a Constitution was granted to the people, and as the result of it, upper and lower houses of Parliament were organized—the latter an elected assembly. Considerable progress has also been made in municipal and local government. However, the complete sovereignty of Parliament is still to come; clamor for it is increasing year by year, and the authorities are bound to bow to the popular demand in course of time.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the record of Japan's achievement is that it has been accomplished in the face of much unthinking conservatism and with limited resources. In 1867-68, the first year of the *Meiji* era, the revenue was only 33,000,000 yen. With the development of agriculture, industries, mines, forests, and other national assets, this income has gradually increased until in 1909-10 the ordinary revenue stood at 483,241,169 yen. But even with such an amount Japan would not have been able to achieve one tithe of what it has done but for the most rigid economy in administration, sagacious finance, and recourse to foreign loans. The point to be noted is that the new régime started with a debased coinage of little real worth, valueless paper money of some 1,600 kinds, and that it had to pay nine per cent interest on its first London bonds: and that gradually its financiers have adopted the gold standard, improved the coinage, organized banks, state-aided and otherwise, and so metamorphosed the monetary system that the foreign rate of interest has been cut in half. It

would be wrong to disguise the fact that her militant policy has of late been pressing very hard upon her finances and making taxation heavy almost to the back-breaking point; but enough indications have been given of late to warrant the belief that with the wiser Nipponese statesmen alive to the gravity of the situation, the strong opinions on the subject originating with the populace and voiced by its representatives in the Diet, recklessness in this respect will be checked in the near future.

Such, in brief, is the tale of *Dai Nippon's* march forward since the day when Commodore Perry lifted the veil from off her face. Though the work of reform is not quite complete, and the political and social economists are cognizant of the defects and shortcomings in this progression, yet even the most caustic critics are forced to acknowledge that the accomplishment registered by the Japanese in the four and a half decades of the *Meiji* era, extending from October 13, 1868, to July 30, 1912, when His Imperial Majesty Mutsuhito died, and the present era of *Taisho* (Good resolutions or Righteousness) began under the new Emperor, Yoshihito, forms a brilliant record, unparalleled for its rapidity and character by that of any other nation in the annals of the world.

When compared with Western countries, Nippon can give a good account of herself. In fifty years she has succeeded in actually outstripping all but four or five of the European nations in many respects, and is not far behind the most progressive amongst them.

Therefore the title of the Japanese to treatment at least equal to that accorded to the less-developed peoples of modern Europe can be denied only because of race prejudice and color consciousness. Any course which would allot a lower position to Nippon in the comity of nations, besides being unethical, would be unwise, for that would imply that the West has not moved with the march of Asian progress, and is not willing to put aside its vain and empty boast that the white man is destined for ever to dominate his colored *confrères*. Such provincialism is calculated to drive the yellow, brown, and black peoples, who far outnumber the Caucasians, and who, in the course of a few years, are bound to master the use of Western arms and armaments as the Japanese have done, to make common cause, the result of which will be the establishment of racial equality. Though at present the voice of some bellicose, blustering Occidentals who would set the whole pack of Western war dogs on little Japan, irrespective of the consequences, have the ear of the public, yet the Caucasian world, it is to be hoped, will see the folly of listening to the jingoes, and will decide the issue in favor of Nippon, granting to her a position of equality in the family of nations.

The London Quarterly Review. *Saint Nihal Singh.*

POETRY: AND WOMEN POETS AS ARTISTS.*

It is unnecessary to explain to a company of women of letters the difference between the facts of Prose and the facts of Poetry. And this is fortunate, because it is a difference so fundamental and important that it does not admit of explanation. There is something supersensual in the very essence of real poetry. Even when it aims at being wholly materialistic and

* An address delivered to the Women Writers' Dinner, June 6th, 1913.

sensual, it yet bears witness to the dissatisfaction of Man with the purely animal life, his ineradicable desire to put his sensations outside himself and see them as wonderful fine things, much finer than they really are, much more important than they really are.

There is no reason why Poetry should exist: it simply does exist. One cannot wonder that Reason feels hurt at such independence of its sovereign rule, and from time to time says that Poetry must go. In the eighteenth century it actually succeeded in bottling Poetry; but we know the explosion that followed. For the last thirty or forty years it had been a common saying that Poetry could not survive the modern high development of the rational and scientific side of our intelligence, because its roots are in the primitive, instinctive part of Man. And it is true that it does spring out of that profound, mysterious instinctive nature of Man on the surface of which his rational intelligence floats, like those little lamps which float upon the Ganges, illuminating its course a little way, telling of its breadth a very little—of its depth nothing. Just because the roots of Poetry lie so deep, so much deeper than Reason, some of us have never believed that it could be killed. And now do we not see it springing up all around us in vigorous young shoots? Even the Futurists want Poetry. A glance at the Futurists makes one feel how ideas have progressed in the last century and a half. Jean Jacques Rousseau was in a very real sense the Futurist of the mid-eighteenth century. He was content to take for his motto, his battle-cry, "Back to the savage!" The motto, the battle-cry of the modern Futurist, is a far bolder one. It is: "Forward to the gorilla!" I own I was terrified when I first heard the fine stentorian voice of M. Marinetti, the Futurist poet and leader, proclaiming that, "The God of Pity and Love is dead, and will be buried to-morrow, together with the entire collection of human charities and decencies." The Future seemed to rise up before me *dans mon petit coin* like the Fat Boy before the Maiden Aunt in the arbor. Yet before allowing my flesh to creep, I thought I would take the opinion of the real Futurists, those who are in fact the Future—the really young men. So I turned to young Oxford—to young Balliol, to be particular—and asked, "What about the Futurists and the Future?" I half expected to hear that the reading colleges were full of the boomings of promising youths practising to be gorillas. Young Balliol smiled and replied: "The Futurists have no Future. They are nothing but the last foam on the wave of Nietzschism." So now I can enjoy in peace thimblefuls of Marinetti's poems, just as I have long enjoyed thimblefuls of his countryman, d'Annunzio's: whom M. Marinetti apparently puts on the bonfire, but whose literary qualities and defects he pretty exactly shares. But to speak of a Futurist Poet when Women Poets should be my theme, is manifestly a digression; because, so far as I have ascertained, there are no women Futurists. A surprising circumstance, seeing that one of the most prominent of Futurist mottoes is, "*Méprisez la femme*": a sentiment which one would suppose must appeal to quite a number of ladies whose letters appear in the daily Press.

Women are playing, and will play, their part in the revival of poetry which we all rejoice to see going on around us. But to the young I will leave for the moment the appreciation of their contemporaries, and will even pass by some of my own contemporaries whose singing has been sweet in my ears, for the sake of the limitation, the canalization of my rather vague and vast subject.

I am going more especially to speak of women poets as artists in Form. It is one of those commonplaces which people repeat without once fixing their eye on the facts, that women are deficient in literary form. Yet the lyric form which remains unapproached and unapproachable in its gorgeous harmonies, in its winged rush, is the lyric form of a woman: Sappho's. No one, not even Swinburne, has ever been able to reproduce her verse. All antiquity hailed her as the greatest of the Greek lyrists, and in modern times it has been said of her: "Never before these songs were sung, and never since, did the human soul in the grip of a fiery passion utter a cry like hers; and from the executive point of view, in directness, in lucidity, in that high imperious verbal economy which only Nature can teach the artist, she has no equal and none worthy to take the place of second."

We know almost nothing about Sappho: the usual stories about her, mostly spiteful, being the inventions of later literary persons. We do know, however, that she did not stand alone. She belonged to a school of women poets of whom others were celebrated. We know, too, that the social conditions in Lesbos, the centre of Æolian culture, were very exceptionally favorable to women. They encouraged the existence of societies of women poets and musicians, who specially studied metrical form and diction. And although this Lesbian world flourished between two and three thousand years ago, we can never speak of women poets without speaking of Sappho, because the once existence of that consummate genius, and under those special conditions, points to the fact that, after all, conditions may have a good deal to do with the subsequent dearth of women poets. On the other hand, when one observes the large proportion of men of creative genius who have had poor health, one may reasonably assume that the brain-storm we call Inspiration is a very real strain on a man's nervous system; and therefore that, other things being equal, you would less frequently find a woman's nervous system (which has always its own special strain to support) able to support it.

But other things never have been equal. Our divine poets have never been required to carry on an arduous practical profession, to be manufacturers or general practitioners, and poets only with the fag-ends of their brains and in their odd moments. I say this in no forgetfulness of the official side of Goethe or the theatrical side of Shakespeare. Chaucer used to be quoted as a hard-working, conscientious Government official. But it has transpired that Chaucer was sacked for incompetence—if nothing worse. The more intimately we know the social life of the past, the more we realize the tremendous arduousness of the profession of being a woman, up to a quite recent date. The production of children, from one dozen to two, was but a corner of her activities. Look at the drawings of Hans Holbein; the most veracious work of the most veracious portrait-painter that ever existed. They show us the faces of the young wives of men of rank and wealth; charming, gay, or serious school-girl faces, not unlike those of our twentieth-century daughters. Then they show us the faces of the middle-aged wives; and they are like those of keen, perhaps of hard, even of coarse men of business. Why? Because in those days every woman had to be, according to her circumstances, a hand, a forewoman, or a manageress—or all three at once—in a going, an always going business concern. Every private house was a manufactory and a surgery as well.

Those were good days enough for the vigorous, capable, practical women in whom our race abounds. But the best thing the women poets could do was to die young; and I suspect they did it. Yet probably a good many women before Lady Anne Lindsay, the writer of *Auld Robin Gray*, and Miss Jane Elliot, who wrote *The Flowers of the Forest*, had contributed to our store of Folk Literature.

Those of us who have read *The Bard of the Dimbowitza* know that in that remote district of Roumania there is what may be called a School of Women Folk Poets; for the women improvise as they spin together, passing the spindle and the song from one to another. It is by no means claimed that all the poems in the two volumes of *The Bard of the Dimbowitza* are by women, but we feel the feminine point of view pervading them, whereas in other Folk Literature it is in subordination. The women of the Dimbowitza are accustomed, terribly accustomed, to the sight of blood. They are patriotic; they sing to their sons in the cradle that they must grow up to shed their blood for the country. But nowhere in these songs sounds the exhilarating rhythm, the proud clash of arms that makes itself felt even in so sad a soldier-song as the German—

"Dawn o' day, dawn o' day,
Unto death thou light'st the way."

They are sad, not only with the sadness of a violently oppressed people, but with the sadness of women whose part is to stand by the dying and the dead, or to be themselves the victims of jealous and bloodthirsty passions. They sing of things the men singers pass by: the intimate sorrows of the unloved woman, of the dead who know themselves forgotten, of the bereaved mother or childless wife. This sadness makes the Roumanian poems somewhat monotonous, but monotony in Art is often only another name for character. We do not find fault with the monotony of our innumerable songs which deal with conventionalized attitudes of love, with fighting, hunting, and drinking, simply because we are so accustomed to them. To most people there is no monotony in habit.

But when one speaks of *The Bard of the Dimbowitza* as Folk Literature, it must be remembered that it is impossible to know how much of it really is so, and how much belongs to the Countess Helène Vacaresco, who is steeped in the life and songs of the people. As, however, it is of the English form in which these poems appeared that I would more especially speak, that secret is one I need not attempt to unveil. The volume appeared in 1892, and was signed by Helène Vacaresco, Carmen Sylva, and Alma Strettell. The form is for the most part irregular blank verse, very original and beautiful in its cadences. The great public of the moment was not interested in poetry, and took little note of it, but it was much read and admired by literary people, especially those who made verses, and had a perceptible influence on the movement towards unrhymed *vers libres* which has been going on for a quarter of a century or more; although it might be said that this is the form towards which the English language has always inclined, since magnificent examples of it are constantly before us in the Bible and Prayer-book. The metres of *The Bard of the Dimbowitza* can no more be reduced to a system than those of the English Psalms, but they have a perfect harmony of their own which makes rhyme, when they drop into it, appear almost a vulgarity. Tennyson was proud of having in his beautiful poem, "Tears, Idle Tears," written, as he said, a song in which no one noticed the absence of rhyme. But there are songs in this book which from that point of view are

more perfect achievements. Such is the prelude—repeated at the end—of this little poem:

"Look not upon the sky at eventide,
For that makes sorrowful the heart of man.
Look rather here within my heart, and joyful
Shall thine then always be."

"To yonder grave there ofttimes came a woman,
And said to it: 'Hast thou forgiven me?'
'Avaunt!' the grave made answer.
Then weeping she would go her way, but going
She ever plucked a flower from the sward.
Yet still the grave would grant her no forgiveness.
Then said the woman: 'Take at least my tears!'
'Avaunt!' the grave made answer.
But as she weeping turned away and went,
Behold, the gravestone would uplift itself,
And the dead man gaze forth,
Sending a long look after her, that woman,
Who weeping went her way."

"*Look not upon the sky at eventide,*" &c.

I select this poem rather for its brevity than for any special beauty it possesses as compared to the rest of the Dimbowitza poems. The theoretic writings of Robert Bridges,[1] to say nothing of his beautiful poems, have done very much to set people thinking on the real laws and liberties of English verse. But Christina Rossetti knew all that either by independent study or by intuition. While every literary critic in England was counting syllables or scanning feet, she was discovering for herself exquisite forms and cadences outside the critic's laws but within the poet's liberties. And Ruskin said that Christina's poetry was a disgrace to her distinguished brothers, and she ought to be prevented from writing. But how to prevent Christina from writing? If every other place were denied her, she would write on the corner of the washing-stand. The thing was impossible. So Christina continued to write; and, after all, the family was not disgraced. It gave us the only great religious poet we had had since the seventeenth century. For Keble I have never been able to regard as anything but a fluent clerical verse-writer who "attuned his lyre" to the smooth melodies of his day and supplied a felt want—no longer, it would seem, felt. Christina Rossetti came to fill a curious gap in the women poets' ranks; and she filled it with a rush. For Elizabeth Barrett Browning could not be called a specifically religious poet, although she wrote some religious poems. Of her as a versifier it is worthy of remark that she was a daring innovator and experimenter in several respects, but particularly in rhyme-forms. I have heard that Swinburne as a boy admired and studied her poems, especially on that account. But Mrs. Meynell stands much nearer to Christina Rossetti than Mrs. Browning, both in her spirit and her form. And here we have again a poet who admirably illustrates my contention, that far from being weak in form, women poets have excelled in it both by their originality and by the accomplished beauty of their workmanship.

Margaret L. Woods.

The Fortnightly Review.

[1] Now Poet-Laureate.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

CHAPTER II.

Poor and Proud.

Her father was sitting in the hall when she went in. He was polishing one of the many guns that were racked over the big hearth. In her mood of rebellion and insight, she saw him as he was, this father of hers. Half of him was docile, smooth; the other half was wind-reared, free, impetuous. And the free side of him was uppermost just now, because he had a gun between his hands.

"You've been up the moor with Roger?" His face brightened, as it always did when Cicely was near. "He's good company, child—you'll find no better over in Brussels yonder. Why didn't he come in to crack a bottle?"

"He—he was very tired," she answered lamely. But in her heart she knew that he, too, had rebelled against the orderly complacence of the house, following the glamor of a beech-wood that spread red-gold carpets for the wind's dancing feet.

"Come, that is no excuse. Roger is never tired—at least he never owns as much."

For the first time the girl felt diffident in her father's presence. It was as if she had something to conceal from him, as if she must at all hazards find some explanation.

"Perhaps—perhaps he needed to be home. The old Squire is ailing, father. We were talking of him as we came down the moor."

"Yes, Holt is ageing. Not a doubt of that. He has something on his mind—most of us have, child, if it comes to that."

She felt chilled, dismayed. Her own father, too, was losing ground these days. His old fire showed seldom. He talked oftener of life's burdens and less of a man's strength to carry them. Yet he was rich, while Squire Holt was living on acres that dwindled year by year; he was younger by ten years, and had sound health; of all men, surely, he should be reasonably satisfied with life.

"Why should folk have anything at all on their minds?" she asked with a child's directness.

"God knows, child. Folk are never satisfied, somehow, till they've made a muddle of their world. It is the instinct of us all."

"No," she put in, with sudden passion. "There's no muddle in my world, father—the wonder of it—the surprise—"

So then he knew her secret, and she asked why he laughed; but he would not tell her, because the glamor of inexperience is a delicate plant, soon crushed, and he was curiously tender always with weaklings.

"Does Roger like your going to Brussels?" he asked presently.

"He talked as if it were my grave."

"Good. Do *you* like going to Brussels, child?"

"It is like going to prison—but only for two years—I shall just begin counting the days as soon as I get there."

He paced up and down. This daughter of his grew daily more surprising to him. He had longed for an heir, in the man's way, and had stood apart from his only child until she learned to prove herself, along the field-ways and the moor, a fit companion. And now he cared for her so much that she seemed, each time she rode to hounds at his side, each night she came trim and dainty to the supper-board, to bring him a strong,

clean message from the lands of might-have-been which he would not tread again on this side of the Veil.

"You're sorry to go?"

"Sorry? Oh, daddy, that's a little word."

"And Roger's sorry. And so am I. Come, child, there's not so much amiss, after all, while we three stand together."

She came and touched him on the arm, with old trust and friendship. "Why am I going? I shall hate it so—I shall have to fight so hard—they'll not know the smell of the moors, and the hills, and—and just the freedom of it all."

"You'll fight well in any country. Good-night, Cicely."

She liked his gruffness. She pitied the desolate and friendless air that had marked him these last days. "Two years—it's such a little time—and—good-night, daddy."

It was a brave parting. The child who was perilously near to womanhood went upstairs with dry eyes and a light tread; but, once in her own room, she yielded to the desolation that crept close as winter round her. Two years showed bleak and endless as eternity. She would miss her father, would miss the orderly, trim look of the house that had oppressed her. There would be no casual greetings with neighboring farmers, with Jabe o' the Barns, with gentle and simple folk who were her comrades.

And for a while she thought that this was all her trouble. But when her tears were done, when the storm of half-grief was over, she sat at the window, looking out at the misty dusk. An owl was hooting somewhere near at hand; from the mistals close behind the house a cow was lowing fitfully; a collie yapped and whined, because it was learning the hard discipline that makes good scout-dogs for the farmers out of unlicked cubs. All the disturbances of the night were rebellious or mournful; there was not one that came to help her.

In quietness and in stealth, her half-griefs went. Gladness and sorrow took their place, and with them came a quickening of courage. It was not her father, not the casual wayfarer up and down the moor, who were the centre of her world. Something had happened in the glen where beech-leaves danced like fairies—something that tried to frighten and dismay her, yet left her resolute. It was Roger she would miss during the coming years. It was Roger for whom she would count the days till she returned.

And suddenly, as she faced the knowledge, a new rebellion came to her. It was absurd that the whole, big freedom of her life should be dominated by one man. It was absurd; but in her heart she knew that it was a fact proven; and then again there came to her a gusty, odd content. But it seemed dreary, this going out to Brussels.

Her father paced up and down the hill below, until his wife came to join him.

"There's no need for Cicely to go," he said, with a flash of temper.

She had been handsome once; but now all that had been tall, arresting in her figure had gone to flabbiness, and her face was lined, not with clean furrows of effort, but by plump grooves that the self-indulgence of a lifetime had planted there.

"No need?" she repeated. "The moors are well enough, but Cicely is going to make a good match one day. She must learn smoother ways."

Heaton made no protest. Lean, well-trained of body, and passably well-trained of temper, he accepted her view of life, lest by contradiction he should bring a worse storm about his head. After all, he had married her to save his lands, knowing that her

outlook was dwarfed by the little mill-town that had bred her. The shame of the bargain had not been clear at the time, because land-saving was his creed; but the long years of intimacy, with their slow and maddening attrition, had proved to him that the mills of God work surely, though their rewards come more slowly than those of the men-built mills.

He was a beaten man in this life's game, and he knew it. Yet the old, unalterable spirit of the hunting-field returned to him. He would ride straight. He owed it to his wife that she should never guess how every nerve and sinew of him resented her business-like, cold view of life. He had sinned in innocence, believing it his duty to save his lands at any cost; but his wife had never guessed, and never would, how alien she was and apart from the things that mattered to him.

"Cicely will learn smoother ways," he said, good-humoredly, "but then, I trained her first. Two years of Brussels will not count for much."

"You are so unpractical. Of course, the training will be good for her. She has an air, and she may grow to be pretty after she has lost her tan and freckles. You haven't forgiven me for not giving you an heir, have you?"

She was probing an old wound; and the hurt went deeper because he knew that she was too clumsy, too practical, to guess it.

"I should be a fool to blame you," he said, the tired note creeping into his voice again.

"But suppose Cicely made a big marriage? With the money she will have—and she's a nice, healthy girl—she might lift us up a bit. A boy would have gone on in the old ruts—living poor, and shooting hard—just content, like you, to stay where his father and grandfather stood. It's a new world since the mills came. Folk need to hurry up the ladder and better themselves."

Heaton's temper nearly broke at last. The patience of many years had worn it thin. Yet even now he remembered that he had made his bargain and must stick to it. "I'd be glad to stand where my grandfather stood," he said, with his careless laugh. "He was a better man than I am."

Roger Holt had gone down to his home, meanwhile, and had met his father in the lane—not the father he had known of old, but a bent, grey figure that was afraid of shadows. For the moment he felt, as Cicely had done, a sense of sharp rebuff, as if the prose of everyday laughed at the September madness of a beech-wood that danced with russet feet.

Then he blamed himself for the feeling. A generous, warm pity took its place; after all, his father was aged by honorable and wearing conflict with the mills that were ruining the landed incomes and the country ideals.

The Squire straightened himself at the sight of Roger. There was pathos in his sudden cheeriness. "Well, lad, what's your bag?" he asked. "No more? When I was ten years younger, I'd have brought more down. Even as it is, I think I'll go up the moor to-morrow, and try my hand."

Roger answered the banter lightly; but presently, as they walked down the lane together, he touched his father on the arm, with a tenderness that was full of quiet reserve. "You're troubled, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I'm troubled. I thrive on troubles, lad. I'm out of temper, if you must have the truth. You know Phineas Oldroyd—he was combing wool not many years since in the upstairs room of his cottage, and touched his cap to me. Well, he's a man of substance now, and keeps his cap on

his head. It's the same greasy cap, but he wants to buy a bit of land that happens to be mine. Eller Beck Mead is just the place for a mill, of course—a flat hollow, where he can build his dam, and a stream that never runs dry, and I asked him what his price was."

Roger glanced sharply at the Squire. His father was ageing fast; he was harassed by debt; and it seemed that he, too, was yielding to the pressure of a money-making age. "You did not sell?" he asked, almost angrily.

"You lads are so impatient. Take snuff as I do, Roger—it helps a man to think between the pinches. I asked him what his price was; and I made him bid up and up. I told myself it was a horse I was selling in the open market, and bargaining was a frolic. And what do you think, Roger? He offered me, at the end of it all, enough to save two farms that we'll have to sell before the year is out."

"Let the farms go, sir."

"Good for you, lad! You're of the old breed. You will be lonely by and by," he went on, with a gruff tenderness that was almost wistful. "I'm near the end of my tether, thank God, but you've the years before you. They'll be lean years, as I see them, for the landed folk who keep staunch. Money's the gospel nowadays, my lad."

"You did not sell Eller Beck Mead?" asked Roger, as they reached the dip in the road that gave them a view of Phineas Oldroyd's birthplace—a square, weather-beaten house, whose upper room ran from end to end over the two living rooms below, in token that wool-combing had been practised there in days not far off.

"Esau sold his birthright, and was damned sorry afterwards," said the Squire, with something of his old, rollicking humor. "No, Roger, I kept Eller Beck Mead. If we sell land at all—and, between ourselves, we shall have to sell a lot of it before long—we sell nice, thirsty acres, where there's no water-power to drive their mills. Their cursed smoke will climb higher and higher up the moor, but the Holts, at any rate, won't help the climbing."

"No," said Roger, gravely. "They can build as they like, but we'll keep Eller Beck Mead if we're starving. I shot my first woodcock there."

It was their point of view; and, because they shared it with entire simplicity and trust, they went down the road as comrades do, fearing no adversity. As they reached the grim house in the hollow, standing square above a little glen of rowan-trees and ferns, they saw Phineas Oldroyd himself. The man's cap was greasy; his clothes were stained with machinery-oil; but about him was an air of conscious pride as he saw these two walk down to meet him.

"About the bargain, Mr. Holt?" he asked, standing square across the road as if he owned it. "Have you thought better of it, like? Times are hard for the gentry, so I hear, and I offered a fairish price for your bit o' land up Eller Beck."

Roger glanced at his father, saw the keen anger that strove to conquer bodily weakness. His first impulse was to take the man by the nape of his neck and his breeches, and to throw him over the wall; but, seeing that the Squire was losing self-control, he brought the bit so hard down on his temper that the pain of it was welcome.

"We do not sell," said Roger.

"You'll have to, if all I hear be true."

"All you hear is moonshine, Phineas. Decent folk won't gossip with you."

The man was hard and full of courage. "Decent is as decent does, Mr. Roger. I pay my way."

"You call it paying? See you, it's

the children of the moorside that pay your way for you—the bairns who should be playing at buttercups and daisies in the fields, instead of tending your looms till they drop down in the road at home-coming."

A red, sullen light showed in Oldroyd's face. "Times are changing. Squires had best attend to their own business these days, instead o' bullying their neighbors. The children earn their wages—and th' wages are paid—and that's more than some of us can say. You're up to the neck i' debt, you two, and you walk about as if you owned all from this to God Almighty's sky."

Something stirred at Roger's heart. This man with the greasy cap stood for all that was undisciplined, unsavory, in the new creed that had swept the moorside like a pestilence—the creed of self-help and self-advancement in this world, at any cost of human lives and human suffering. Dimly, through the indolence and good nature that had marked him until now, he saw a grim and tragic battle in the making. One day there would be a rising of the workers against such men as this, who killed children in their race for wealth—a rising fed by long and patient suffering, by bitter detestation, by memories of many yesterdays. It would not be a short battle, and it would come to separate the strong folk from the weaklings, as the purpose of all warfare is.

It all seemed long in the thinking, this silence of a moment. Then Roger came out of his unexpected journeying into the future, and saw only his father, harassed, grey with passion, ready to fight his own battle, since his own son stood mute. Again he felt the temptation to deal with Phineas by rough-and-ready logic; and again he checked his hands.

"Oldroyd," he said, with a banter that seemed easy because it was hard come by, "you've missed your trade in life."

"Oh, ay? I reckoned I'd found it, like," snarled the other. "I've a snug bit o' money i' the bank, which is more than other-some can say."

"You should have been a talker—stood up in the market-place when men come home tired with the day's work and muddled in their wits. They are going up and down the towns, weasel folk like you, ranting of God Almighty's sky, and the rights of men, and the rest of your damned nonsense. They're earning money by it, too. They pass the hat round—I saw it only yesterday in Saxilton—and the fools they talked to put in money—lots of money, Phineas. It's an easier life than yours. I watched him spending his earnings at the 'Brown Cow' afterwards; and he'd his tongue in his cheek, laughing at the men he'd fooled."

Oldroyd was ever a fighter, and he felt a grudging admiration for this son of the Squire's who could have conquered him by brute force and disdained to do it. "I pay my way," he said, with a chastened self-assertion. "I'm a worker, not a talker."

And then it was the Squire who spoke. His long antipathy to machinery and smoke, his loathing of the new gospel that preached money as the end-all and the be-all of existence, smouldered no longer; it blazed into a fury that made a younger man of him.

Phineas Oldroyd could not remember afterwards just what the Squire said; but as long as he lived he could remember the gist of it. The children he had maimed for life while making wealth—the meanness of his outlook, the shifts and lies that made up his code of sales and barter—the big, everlasting righteousness of the hills that looked down on his grimy mill in the hollow—all grew plain to him, as if he saw his

face in a mirror and did not like the look of it. The Squire's homily was thick with oaths, and showed signs between whiles of breaking down through need to hit his man between the eyes; but he had preached a sermon, for all that, and his eloquence came home.

Phineas, tough and a fighter, gathered up the remnants of his courage. "You've the gift of language, Squire," he said, half between admiration and resentment. "Well, I've my own gift, too—the gift o' getting on i' life. Do you know what brought me up tonight to this bit of a cottage that cradled me?"

"You want to sell it," put in Roger, lazily. "Nothing else would bring you so far wide of your mill."

And then Phineas, who was dour by habit, laughed—a pleasant laugh—because he had slipped into honesty to-night by stealth, and must make the most of it. "I wouldn't sell for any price. I'm just like Squire wi' Eller Beck Mead. Father, he lived here, like; and he wanted me to get forrard i' the world. Well, I've got forrard and I was thinking, when you came by, that father would be proud to see me now—proud as a Saturday's wash after th' week's work is done, as the saying goes."

Roger, dislike the man as he would, was compelled to see another side of him. The greed of money-making, the noisy, unkempt independence, would go with him through life; but through the squalor had peeped a gleam of human feeling. Phineas, too, it seemed, had an inkling of what tradition meant; he was not looking forward only, but backward to the father who had given him a race to run in life. Moreover, he spoke gently of this same father, as if he had cared and still cared greatly for him.

The Squire felt something of this, and repented a little of his heat. He was of the old breed, quick to anger, instant in expression of it, punctilious in reparation.

"I think you damnably cruel to your children, Mr. Oldroyd," he said, fumbling for his snuff-box, "and you know it. Apart from that, I—I ask your pardon. My tongue ran away from me."

Phineas was more at home with the rough side of a tongue than the smooth. He was abashed and diffident, and felt vaguely that the Squire had put him in the wrong; the men he dealt with were not ready with apology, unless they were afraid of the stronger hand or had some gain in view.

"I bear no malice, Squire," he muttered awkwardly.

They said good-night; but father and son had not gone far down the twilight of the lane before Oldroyd called them back. He needed the plot of land known as Eller Beck Mead—all his instincts cried aloud for it, because there was flat ground on which to build a mill, and running through it a stream that in the hottest summer sang of pleasant rains to come.

"I'll double my price for yon bit o' land," he said.

"Go on doubling it, if you like to play at bargaining," the Squire answered, turning for a moment. "You'll never buy it from me."

"It would pay a lot o' debts."

"Debts can wait," said the other, all in the free-handed, easy way that his generation had known when it was in its prime. "You'll out-live me, Mr. Oldroyd, though we're much of the same age—but, thank God, I've a son to follow me—a son who would rather die of hunger in Eller Beck Mead than sell his honor to the factories."

"Do you say yes to that, Mr. Roger?"

"I don't say it," answered Roger. "I shout it, for the whole moorside to hear."

"Then there's a sort of gulf between your class and mine. The rich and thrifty gang up one side o' the stream, the poor and proud up t'other. We'll see which wins the race i' the long run."

"Yes, by gad," said the Squire, with a sudden, overmastering gleam of faith. "Your grandson, Phineas, will live to know that we are right—the poor and proud folk. As it is, I wouldn't stand in your skin for all that you could offer me."

"Suppose I trebled yond offer for Eller Beck Mead?"

"I'd just bid you good-night, and a better understanding."

The Squire and Roger went down the lane that was hallowed to both of them by many memories. Below them was the village, little once and homely, but now grown out of recognition. Cottages, ill-built and stuffy, had grown up about the mills; and among these lay farmsteads that once had been isolated—grey, sturdy buildings, whose green crofts warded off other dwellings from too close intrusion. The last of the gloaming was tender with the sprawling squalor of the place; the smoke that defiled it by day took on a new significance, and wrapped the huddled roofs, the factory chimneys, in a strange, ruddy mist that lifted them beyond the world of sordid traffic.

"How I've loved the village," said Squire Holt abruptly. "How I've seen the old, green places go one by one, and the country quiet go, and yet it seems only yesterday that Marshcotes was a trim little place that prided itself on 'keeping itseln to itseln.' Why, Roger, there was a time when I passed the time of day with every man, woman, and child I met along the street. We were all friends and neighbors then. These days I look for greeting—old habit dies hard—and half the folk leer at me in passing, as if I lived by grinding the faces of the poor."

"The mills kill the free side of a man, father. He cannot help it. The monotony—the misery of being shut in by noise, and stink, and heat—I couldn't stand a week of it myself. I'd run mad, and listen to any fools who talked glibly of my wrongs."

"Take snuff, Roger," said the Squire, with an echo of his old carelessness. "You're too young to grow hot about the sufferings of these folk. It is well enough for me—I grew up with the open-air days when a man combed wool in his own farmstead, and had a cow or two, and his bit of land about him. They're in prison now, these men—they call it earning good wages at the mill—and their children grow up pale and weedy. My lad, the pity of it!"

It was as Phineas Oldroyd had said. Steam had been harnessed to men's service or disservice, and a deep gulf had been cleft between the natural, whole-hearted folk and those whose object and sole goal in life was money coined at fever-heat. The farmsteads down below, islanded among gaunt, unlovely buildings, were outposts, like the Squire and Roger here, of a retreating army. They stood for country breadth and openness, for the heart that does not tire of hill-climbing, for the fragrance and the hardship of God's free weather. They were outposts of an army beaten for the moment; but strong-built men, and strong-built houses have this in common—they do not yield until the tempest sweeps them, willy-nilly, to the ground.

"Just that, sir," said Roger, after a friendly silence. "The pity of it."

And then, somehow, it was easy to talk together. It had not been easy lately, because the Squire had stood apart from his son, nursing some weakness or trouble of his own.

"You said just now that Oldroyd would outlive you," ventured Roger. "You've twice his strength, sir."

It was the place and the hour, that seldom come together. The Squire felt a loosening of the curb that he had kept upon himself for many years. He was content at last to know that he was ageing fast, that the son he had counted until now a stripling was the stronger of the two.

"Roger," he said, with odd simplicity, "I've been master of my house so far. It is your turn now. I—I can fight the debts no longer."

Five-and-twenty years of rough and tumble had taught Roger much—the glee of hunting, the keener pleasure that comes when a man is shooting well and knows it. The years had taught him, too—not an hour ago—the queerness of a maid with a man, and the hold she has on him. But he had not tasted till now the finest stimulant that this world knows. He had been the heir, trained to hardship, groomed to a nicety to meet all chances of sport and weather, but sure always of his station, of the food and drink on a table that seemed to thrive on debts; he had been good-natured, indolent, because no one had asked him to take his place in the open market-ways where men fought for a living-wage. And suddenly, across his indolence, had sounded his father's trumpet-call of trust. This fine figure of a man, grey before his time—the father who had licked him into shape along rough roads—had confessed that he needed him.

The moor-born men, perhaps, in the deep places of the soul that are seldom stirred, yielded obedience only to two calls—trust and the need for endeavor. It is in the bone and fibre of them, this dual call, because their forefathers were engaged through long generations in winning arable land from the strong grip of the moor.

"You trust me, sir?" asked Roger, with a quietness that might have been mistaken for humility instead of pride.

"I bred you, lad," the Squire answered gruffly.

It was not till they reached the last steep fall of the road leading to Marsh House that the Squire unburdened himself still further. A little wind was blowing down from the moor, stirring the drifted leaves that hugged the walls.

"It's still a pleasant lane, eh, Roger?" he said, halting again to look about him. "You could almost fancy that the Waynes were still here, with their feuds and their Brown Dog, and the little woman who played bo-peep with the fairies. Ay, but the bairns do not see fairies dancing up it, and the Brown Dog doesn't haunt it any longer. Why, lad, there was a time when you and I, standing here, could have fancied we heard the Dog going pad-footed up the rise. But there's no Guytrash now—he's gone, with the fairies and Jabe o' the Barns, into the higher lands."

Nothing touched Roger these days with so sharp a pity as his father's harking back to the old days, the half-forgotten superstitions. The Squire was not moving forward with the times, was not even standing still in a quiet backwater of life; he was retreating along the tracks of many yesterdays. He was growing old, undoubtedly; and yet, as men went on the hale uplands, he should have been enjoying the ripe cheeriness of latter middle-age.

"I was a bit hard on Phineas Oldroyd just now?" the older man went on, after another troubled pause. "He stands for everything I loathe —mills, and money-getting, and breaking of children on the wheel. But he cared for his father. He made so much plain."

"He's chosen a queer way of showing it."

"Men do, when they care. I talk of what I know, my lad. Phineas needed to build himself a house—with a prim little room on each side of the door, and a kitchen somewhere for the maid-of-all-work. He wanted to climb the ladder, with a queer thought at the back of his mind that it would please his father. There's a streak of good in Phineas, after all."

"You're too generous to a damned scoundrel, sir. You know what he has said about us up and down the country side."

"It doesn't matter. If it's true, that is our burden to carry. If it's a lie, it won't live beyond six months at furthest. Roger, when a man is nearer the end of life than the beginning, he forgets old quarrels. He gets into a second childhood—looking for the good in folk and turning a blind eye to the rest."

From old comradeship Roger knew that his father had something on his mind; and he tempted him, by ways learned aforetime, to shift his load on to younger shoulders. And the Squire yielded at last.

"Suppose a man had a wife and an heir and the old traditions to keep up? Suppose he loved wife and boy and the old name better than his own ease? And—and the big temptation comes always when a man cares too much for anything in this daft world. I wasn't strong enough, Roger. Temptation drowned me."

Roger shifted the game-bag round, to feel that his day's sport was real. If his father had sinned along ways that man considered shameful, his own faith would go by the board. He had cared too much, may be; and caring of that sort, as the Squire had said, is full of fine hazards and steep rock faces for the climber.

"You will tell me more?" he asked, with sudden gravity.

"A little more. Phineas is killing children by habit in his mills. I've killed none, Roger; but there's a child in Lancashire who is growing up in poverty—in bitter poverty—because I cared too much for old tradition. There's not much to choose, perhaps, between Oldroyd and myself."

"You will tell me more, sir?" repeated the other.

"No," said the Squire. "Let's get down the hill, Roger. I told you the fairies would never dance again along this lane we're treading."

Roger said no more. For a year past he had seen this weakness growing on the Squire—the need for confession of some sort, the hesitating half-confession, the stubborn refusal to say more. It was the hesitancy that troubled Roger; in the old days he had known his father self-willed and strong, whether mistaken or no, but not a waverer between two courses.

"I shall not believe it," he said, turning suddenly. "You are—oh, you're my father, and you taught me to ride straight."

The Squire's face softened. He laid a hand on his son's shoulder with a grace that was part of the man. "Ah, loyalty," he said lightly. "I bred you to it, Roger. Set your teeth firm in it, like a bulldog's."

The Times.

(To be continued.)

OF THE BROWNING MSS.

The sale room of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge in the first week of May was a melancholy sight for the lovers of English literature. On the hundred and first anniversary of Robert Browning's birth, a large portion of his library, containing many volumes presented to him and his wife by friends, relations, and admirers, and many with their own autograph inscriptions, were dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer. The next day their personal relics—photographs, busts, chairs, tables, inkstands, blotting books, penwipers, Mrs. Browning's watch, a locket with Milton's hair, and the love token which formed the subject of the Sonnet from the Portuguese beginning "I never gave a lock of hair away"—passed through the same unsympathetic medium—it may be hoped, into the keeping of those who will cherish them with fitting affection. Two days earlier, a crowded room witnessed the sight of rival dealers competing for the autograph MSS. of "Aurora Leigh," of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and, most intimate and sacred of all, the love-letters of the two poets; to be informed afterwards that they had been purchased by the victors in the several duels, not on commission for devoted admirers of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, but as articles to be placed in their stock and disposed of to the first purchaser prepared to pay the price to which this competition had forced them up.

It was a sorry sight; and yet it was not one for which any of those who were concerned in the sale as principals could be blamed. So far as could be ascertained, all the nearest relations on both sides were anxious to avoid a sale, and particularly a public sale, and would have been prepared, if a sale were inevitable, that at any rate the most personal and intimate objects should pass into some national collection, as a permanent memorial of the two poets. But amid the tangle of different interests, the claims of creditors, the advice of lawyers and auctioneers, sentiment had small chance in competition with legal safety, and a public sale could not be averted. With the results, at any rate the creditors will be satisfied, and presumably the lawyers, auctioneers, and dealers will have no cause to complain; and with this modicum of satisfaction one must be content.

Perhaps one may find other grounds of consolation. The disposal of the minor volumes in the poet's library will, no doubt, have enabled many of the devotees of Robert Browning to secure as mementoes books which once belonged to him, and which bear inscriptions in his handwriting. The larger manuscripts were few in number. There was, of course, first of all in sentimental interest, the wonderful collection of those 284 letters which Robert Browning wrote to Elizabeth Barrett between January 10, 1845, and September 19, 1846, and the 287 which he received from her during the same period. These, so far as is at present publicly known, await a purchaser who will make a sufficient advance on the 6,550*l.* for which they were knocked down by Messrs. Sotheby. There was the MS. of Robert Browning's last volume, "Asolando," purchased for 990*l.*, it is understood for America. There were two copies, one perfect and one imperfect, of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Elizabeth Barrett's high-water mark in poetry, and there was

the complete MS. of "Aurora Leigh," which Ruskin declared to be the greatest poem in the English language. Further, there were several hundreds of Mrs. Browning's letters, before and after marriage, to various correspondents, of which the cream has, no doubt, in the main been skimmed off for previous publication, but of which many remain unpublished. With regard to the "Asolando" volume, which the poet intended to go to Balliol College, with the rest of his MSS. from "Balaustion" to the "Parleyings," and which his son retained only for his own lifetime, one may regret that their expressed desire has been baulked of its fulfilment; but with respect to the others, however much one may wish that they could have remained in England, it is only fair to remember that America, where appreciation of both poets, and especially of Robert Browning, was earlier and more enthusiastic than in England, has earned the right to possess any of these relics which she cares to acquire, and will respect them not less than they would have been respected here. Readers of Mrs. Browning's letters will not doubt that both of them would have gladly recognized the claims of America in this respect. And it is to be remembered, finally, that the two greatest MSS. of all, the complete "Ring and the Book" and the copy of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" which Mrs. Browning gave to her husband in the early days of their marriage (pushing them into his pocket and hastily retiring from the room), are safe in the hands to which they were given by the poet and by the poet's son—those of Mrs. George Murray Smith, the wife of Browning's publisher and most valued friend. It is also good to know that the surviving copyright in all things Browning now belongs to the firm which have been the Browning publishers since 1868, Smith, Elder, & Co.

But among the minor manuscripts were many which have a literary as well as a sentimental interest. One might perhaps wish that the unpublished verses of both poets had been destroyed by them out of hand when once the decision had been taken not to publish them. Such waifs and strays are a permanent difficulty to editors. If the author is sufficiently eminent, publication of everything of his that remains above ground is eventually inevitable, and an editor is torn between the natural desire to make his edition complete, and his equally natural reluctance to print matter which is not worthy of its author, and which the author himself did not consider worthy of publication. The ultimate solution is probably some limbo of an appendix, which can be searched once for all by the curious and then left to its obscurity. Yet even in such an outer darkness one does not care to meet Browning's freakish rhymes to "rhinoceros" or "Timbuctoo"; while it is an injustice to two, if not three, of the stars of our Victorian literature to reprint, at any time or in any place, the "Lines to Edward FitzGerald."

One little group of manuscripts, however, in the delicate handwriting of Mrs. Browning, has a special interest, personal and literary, and its publication can do no harm to anyone. In September and October 1845 Robert Browning was engaged in preparing for the press the poems which were published in November as Part VII of his "Bells and Pomegranates," under the general title of "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." Five of them had previously appeared in "Hood's Magazine" during 1844 and the spring of 1845, and these had come to Miss Barrett's notice in July; the rest were sent to her in manuscript and proof

in the course of the autumn. Her criticisms were asked for honestly and were sent loyally; and they lie before us now in these little sheets. They are not criticisms in the larger sense of the term, not appreciations of the general scheme of the poems, but merely suggestions for verbal alterations, the little queries which a friend may make of a friend's work, especially when the critic is himself (or herself, as in this instance) a poet. Those who do not care for the minutiæ of poetic production, or are content with the result without inquiring as to the means, will have no concern with these; but some of those whose interests are bound up with the poetry of Robert Browning may care to see how the poet who was afterwards to be his wife helped him.

Those who have any acquaintance with the bibliography of Browning's poetry (and some such acquaintance is really essential to an understanding of the development of his genius, since the familiar classification of the shorter poems has obscured their chronological order) know that the original "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics" of 1845 are a very different group of poems from the "Dramatic Romances" as they appear in every edition after 1863. Part VII of "Bells and Pomegranates" consisted of twenty-one poems. Of these, only six remained under the heading of "Dramatic Romances" in 1863. Thirteen were transferred to the "Dramatic Lyrics," and two to "Men and Women," where we still find them to-day. Of the original twenty-one, twelve receive annotations from Miss Barrett in the papers now before us, in addition to "A Soul's Tragedy" and "Luria," which formed the eighth and last part of "Bells and Pomegranates," published a few months later, in April 1846. These twelve poems include the five which had previously appeared in "Hood's Magazine" ("The Tomb at St. Praxed's," "The Flower's Name," "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis," "The Laboratory," and "The Boy and the Angel"), together with "How they brought the Good News," "Pictor Ignotus," "Italy in England," "England in Italy," "The Confessional," "Saul," and "Time's Revenges." In addition, some comments (but of a more general nature) on "The Lost Leader," "The Lost Mistress," "Home Thoughts from Abroad," "The Flight of the Duchess," "Earth's Immortalities," "Nay, but you who do not love her," "Night and Morning," "Claret and Tokay," and "The Glove," which constitute the rest of the volume, appear in the published letters, and so complete Miss Barrett's criticisms on the whole group of poems.

These criticisms for the most part relate to small detail of phrase or rhythm. It is curious to find Elizabeth Barrett, whose ear, to judge from her own poetry, was not remarkably sensitive, criticizing the imperfect rhythm of Robert Browning. But Miss Barrett was a better critic than poet at this period (which, be it remembered, was before the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "Aurora Leigh"); and it is rather in imperfect rhymes than in defective rhythms that her ear is mostly at fault. On the other hand, Browning in his earlier lyrics had a certain staccato jerkiness, of which he subsequently cured himself; and most readers will agree that his correspondent's criticisms were justified. Miss Barrett's notes upon "Saul" will illustrate this point, and at the same time furnish a fair sample of her comments in general:

"'Nor till from his tent'

Would you not rather write 'Until,' here, to break the course of mono-

syllables, with another reason?

'For in the black mid-tent silence
Three drear days'—

A word seems omitted before 'silence' —and the short line is too short to the ear—not to say that 'drear days' conspires against 'dread ways' found afterwards. And the solemn flow of the six lines should be uninterrupted, I think.

"The entrance of David into the tent is very visible and characteristic, —and you see his youthfulness in the activity of it—and the repetition of the word 'foldskirts' has an Hebraic effect.

'But soon I descried
Something more black than the blackness.'

Should it not be 'A something'—more definitely? And the rhythm cries aloud for it, it seems to me.

'The vast, upright'—

Quære—'the upright' . . . for rhythm.

'Then a sunbeam burst thro' the blind tent-roof
Showed Saul.'

Now, will you think whether to enforce the admirable effect of your sudden sunbeam, this first line shall not be rendered more rapid by the removal of the clogging epithet 'blind' —which you repeat, too, I believe, farther on in the next page? What if you tried the line thus,

'Then a sunbeam that burst through the tent-roof—
Showed Saul!'

The manifestation in the short line appears to me completer from the rapidity being increased in the long one. I only *ask*. It is simply an impression. I have told you how very fine I do think all this showing of Saul by the sunbeam—and how, the more you come to see him, the finer it is. The 'all heavily hangs,' as applied to the king-serpent, you quite feel in your muscles.

"The breaking of the band of lilies round the harp is a relief and refreshment in itself after that dreadful sight. And then how beautifully true it is that the song should begin so . . . with the sheep—

'As one after one
Docile they come to the pen door'—

But the rhythm should not interrupt itself where the sheep come docilely —and is not a word wanted . . . a syllable rather . . . before that 'Docile?' Will you consider?

" 'The long grasses stifling the water' . . . How beautiful *that* is!

'One after one seeks its lodging
As star follows star
Into the blue far above us,
—So blue and so far!'

It appears to me that the two long lines require a syllable each at the beginning, to keep the procession of sheep uninterrupted. The ear expects to read every long and short line, in the sequence of this metre, as one long line,—and where it cannot do so, a loss . . . an abruption . . . is felt —and there should be nothing abrupt in the movement of these pastoral, starry images—do you think so? Is it not Goethe who compares the stars to sheep? Which you reverse here.

'Would we might help thee, my brother?'

Why not, 'Oh, would,' &c.—it throws a wail into the line, and swells the rhythm rightly, I think.

'Next she whom we count
The beauty, the pride of our dwelling.'

Why not 'For the beauty' or 'As the beauty?'

'But I stopped—for here, in the darkness
Saul groaned.'

Very fine—and the preceding images full of beauty and characteristic life! —but in this long line, I just ask if the rhythm would gain by repeating 'here' . . . thus . . .

'But I stop here—for here in the darkness'—

I just ask, being doubtful.

"And the shaking of the tent from the shudder of the king . . . what effect it all has!—and I like the jewels *waking* in his turban!

'So the head—but the body stirred not.'

If you wrote 'So the head—but the body . . . *that* stirred not'—Just see the context.

'The water was wont to go warbling
Softly and well.'

Is not a syllable wanted at the beginning of the short line, to make the water warble softly . . . right softly?

'And heard her faint tongue
Join in, while it could, to the witness'—

Would 'joining in' be better to the ear?

'And promise and wealth for the future'

I think you meant to write 'the' before promise.

"All I said about the poem in my note, I think more and more. Full of power and beauty it is—and the conception, very striking.

"*E. B. B.*"

That is one little batch of notes, one morning's work, it may be, of the invalid lying on her back on her couch, and writing in her tiny hand on tiny sheets of note-paper—for, as she said, she was a small woman, and liked to have small things about her. The reader who will take the pains to compare the criticisms with the poem as it stands to-day (remembering that, in its original form, it was printed in alternate long and short lines, in place of the uniform long lines to which we are accustomed) will see that in almost every case Browning had the wisdom to accept his critic's suggestions. It was the most useful form of criticism—accepting and admiring the general conception and treatment, but suggesting minor improvements in detail which could be adopted without difficulty. The criticism which begins by telling a poet to alter his whole method is rarely of any use.

It would be tedious to go through the other poems in detail. In the lyric poems Miss Barrett's criticisms are mostly directed to improvements in rhythm and the removal of small obscurities. In "Luria," on the other hand, she did good service by discouraging a trick of inversion, and pointing out the greater force given by directness. No one who knows this noble poem will question the inferiority of the first form of these lines (Act I., ll. 139-142)—

"If in the struggle when the soldier's sword
Before the statist's hand should sink its point,
And to the calm head yield the violent hand,
Virtue on virtue still have fallen away . . ."

to the simple, directer form in which they now stand. "Tell me if an air of stiffness is not given by such unnecessary inversions," says the critic in another instance; and again, when she has set straight another contorted phrase, "You allow the reader to see at a glance what otherwise he will seek studiously." This is a pregnant phrase, which Browning in later years might have done well to bear in mind. Not that the want of directness in some of the later poems, as compared with these of the Italian period, is to be attributed to the loss of his wife's correcting hand; for we know that the married poets made a point of keeping their work independent and apart until it was ready for the press. Nevertheless, the lesson indicated by these few criticisms seems to have borne fruit in the greater clarity of

the poems published between 1845 and 1864 ("Dramatis Personæ"), and was not always forgotten afterwards.

A few more general expressions of opinion may be quoted in conclusion. Of "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis," that delightful story of vengeance on a pedant, Miss Barrett writes:

"Do you know that this poem is a great favorite with me—it is so new, and full of a creeping, crawling, grotesque life. Ah, but . . . do you know, besides, it is almost reproachable in you to hold up John Knox to derision in this way!"

Of "The Tomb at St. Praxed's" (as the poem was originally called, of which Ruskin said that he knew no other piece of modern English in which there is so much told of the Renaissance spirit):

"This is a wonderful poem, I think, and classes with those works of yours which show most power . . . most unquestionable genius in the high sense. You force your reader to sympathize positively in his glory in being buried."

She notices also "the rushing and hurrying life of the descriptions" in "England and Italy" (with its alternative title "Autumn at Sorrento"), "tossed in one upon another like the grape bunches in the early part, and not kept under by ever so much breathless effort on the poet's part," and adds: "For giving the *sense of Italy*, it is worth a whole library of travel-books." Of the companion poem, "Italy in England," which Mazzini read to his fellow-exiles as a proof that at least one Englishman sympathized with them, she says: "I like the simplicity of the great-heartedness of it (though perhaps half-Saxon in character), with the Italian scenery all around—it is very impressive."

It is not always easy for the first critic of a new poem (and Browning's were so new that nothing like them, except the "Dramatic Lyrics" in Part III of the "Bells and Pomegranates," had ever appeared in English literature) to hit on just the features to which its ultimate reputation is due; but Miss Barrett does so again and again with unerring touch. Of "Pictor Ignotus" she says: "This poem is so fine, so full of power, as to claim every possible attention to the working of it: it begins greatly, grandly, and ends so,—the winding up winds up the soul in it. The versification too is noble . . . I cannot tell you how much it impresses me." And she appreciates fully the verve and vigor of the great ride from Ghent to Aix:

"You have the very trampling and breathing of the horses all through—and the sentiment is left in its right place, through all the physical force and display . . . I know you must be proud of the poem, and nobody can forget it who has looked at it once . . . By the way, how the 'galloping' is a good galloping word! And how you felt it, and took the effect up and dilated it by repeating it over and over in your first stanza . . . doubling, folding one upon another, the hoof-treads."

The textual criticism of Browning cannot have quite the same value as that of an artist in words, such as Tennyson, the lessons of whose fastidious taste are so well brought out in his son's biography. Nevertheless there is interest in tracing the development of his power of self-expression from the turbid waters of "Pauline" and the tangled thickets of "Sordello" up to the supreme mastery of thought and phrase which marks the fifty "Men and Women" of 1855, and which endured through the finest poems of "Dramatis Personæ" *to* the best books of "The Ring and the Book." And in the fragments of the story which have here been offered to the sympathetic reader there is the further interest that they form an episode in the beautiful idyll of the love of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

Frederic G. Kenyon.

ANARCHY.

I.

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their hurrying feet. . . ."

The children grow tall, and the young folk get middle-aged, and the elderly become old—and none, except the children, are very conscious of the flight of Time and his proud boast, "Behold, I make all things new."

But just occasionally some unpremeditated sentence of one's own pulls one up, and brings it home to the foolish heart still enamored of youth, that after all, quietly, gradually, perceptibly, it has become antiquated, if not absolutely in the state described by physicians as *senile decay*.

Thus, a day or two ago, I caught myself saying (and, what is worse, thinking): "England is going down hill; going to destruction like the Gadarene swine. You and I see the beginning of the end; our children will be in at the death."

My friend looked sceptical and rather pitying, but did not argue the point. I came away conscience-stricken; my silly words had proved one thing and one thing only, that I had grown old; that I was no longer among those who see visions; that henceforth I should never be more than a dreamer of dreams—mostly bad.

For once let me tell my dream—my Masque of Anarchy. I have got Anarchy on the brain. Good or bad, I see it everywhere. It frightens me (because I am old). It seems to me like a great, huge, scarlet, spiritual motor-'bus, advancing inexorably towards me, coming very fast, swaying and rattling and crashing along, making horrid hootings and horrid smells; and I know, I *know*, I am no longer nimble enough to jump out of its way, still less to leap inside and become part and parcel of its triumphant progress!

In theory Socialism and Anarchy are opposites; but extremes have a way of meeting; and while many people, Churchmen, spinsters, demagogues, are crying with enthusiasm, "Oh, yes! thank Heaven, we are all Socialists now!" I—old I—feel on the contrary that in practice we are fast becoming Anarchists; not yet of the bomb-throwing, king-murdering persuasion, but who knows if that mayn't come next? In my own sex anyhow I recognize premonitory symptoms.

II.

The Middle Ages were good old days of picturesque garments and Gothic Cathedrals, and all through Europe a supposed Theocracy. Holy Mother Church ruled, and her children weren't allowed to have opinions. Any persons hinting at such treasonable possessions were promptly suppressed, like the guinea pig, or clapped into prison and set fire to. Naturally only exceptional persons persevered in trying to think. At last, however, rose a religious man named Luther, and a number of other men, more or less irreligious, who were no less influential, though Luther got much of their credit. And these men thought and said and insisted that everybody had a right to his own opinion; and from that day forward must industriously do his own thinking, no matter whether equipped with a thinking apparatus or not.

"Well," said the Church, "the result of that will be you'll all stray into the broad road which leads direct to the door of the Inferno."

But no one really believed this; and the humanists and the reformers and presently the common people all began to think. And by their thinking they brought in the modern world.

"All very fine," said the Churchmen (especially the old ones), "but hell is enlarging her borders; and in this world which you prize so highly free thought ends in Anarchy."

The young folk laughed and thought on; and I grant you, for so large a population (chiefly fools) they thought very well, and made a great many improvements here, there, and everywhere. And if ever they realized that they were treading the broad road to Anarchy, they were firmly persuaded that their hurrying feet would stop well short of the precipice. They reformed religion; established the grand new Protestantism with which for a long time they were all content. The axe smells long of the sandal tree it has hewn down; and there was so much scent of religion left, that for a long time no one, whether Romanist or Protestant, asked whether religion herself had not been stricken to her death. Each generation applied the pruning axe of its free thought to one more dogma, one more pious custom, and the lopped-off branches were thrown on the ground and presently withered away. Sects arose by the hundred, for as the dogmas and pious customs grew fewer, each thinker at the point where he stayed his axe clung to the branches he left with all the more tenacity and affection. The smell of sandal wood is sweet; some find intoxication in even a whiff of it.

Nowadays, some four or five centuries since private thinking began, the dogmas and the pious customs—one will soon want a microscope to find them! even in England, religious England! The sects which arise today are really hardly religious at all. Christian Science, for instance, the most flourishing of them! Is it private thinking run mad? "A few fragments of science imperfectly understood—a few fragments of Christianity imperfectly remembered": a wit said that long ago of the Broad Church. The poor Broad Church! But the years have rolled on, and now to make the saying true we have Christian Science.

For the rest, there are of course many earnestly religious people left; but I don't think there are at all so many as there were. And the boys and girls are no longer brought up on the Bible, which is a loss, if only from a literary point of view. The young folk don't recognize quotations from Isaiah or the Kings. They don't even know the stories. If you talk of Gideon's fleece, they ask innocently:

"Don't you mean Jason's?"

Some one said to me lately: "I notice servants have left off going to church, or even to chapel." And already we talk of secularizing the schools. The children are to be provided with religion at home by their parents. Fine confused feeding it is likely to be!

Did not Dr. Johnson, who had the knack of hitting nails on their heads, discuss the question whether it would be possible deliberately to change the religion of a nation? I think he would have seen no miracle in taking away the religion of a whole people, not perhaps in one generation, but in two or three. Early familiarity, early habit, counts for so much—the smell of the sandalwood—smelt before one is ten! In after years it comes back to one; only a scent; perhaps not so important as the axe; but penetrating, reviving, sweet—the world will be the poorer without it. Truly the Church was wise (as a serpent) when she said: "Resist this Luther. Without a shepherd the sheep will be scattered.

Free thought is Anarchy; and Anarchy, for fools, is death."

The scent of the sandalwood has hung longer perhaps about our morals than about our religion. But it seems getting fainter now. We began by questioning the existence of Moses, and now we deny the authority of his Ten Commandments. "Oh, foolish old superstitions!" we say quite openly, "temporary by-laws! Who thinks twice about them?"

The Commandment about the Sabbath went first;—I mean, deliberately; it had long ago tumbled into practical desuetude along with its fellows about swearing and coveting. Next we began to apologize for and to express sympathy with idolaters and heretics, aiming poisoned arrows at the first Commandment and the second. Nowadays stealing is justified, especially when done by public bodies; and killing is clearly no murder, or it wouldn't be so easy to get up petitions in favor of homicides, or to set theatres ablaze and pull jockeys to the ground along with their innocent horses. But it's the Commandments dealing with family life—the fifth and the seventh —which are really in the melting pot.

"Yea, *hath* God said?" we ask, having forgotten the Commandments—broken, of course, all down the ages, but by people who always knew the law was there, and with more or less sincerity acknowledged themselves to be sinners. Now the Commandments have ceased to be laws; they are just waste paper, convenient for making notes on, no more.

Till these days we have lived in a patriarchal state of society. The man has been the acknowledged head and ruler of the family and the home. But to-day in some families the children rule; in others the women, notably the young women. In many, however, the patriarchal state has, to my thinking, been succeeded simply by the Anarchical.

The old plan was that the patriarch labored (or inherited) for his children; fed, taught, clothed, and housed them gratis, the sons in their boyhood, the daughters often far into middle life. There was really only one condition; that the sons, and especially the daughters, should comport themselves virtuously. In practice there were often deviations from the theory, and hardships no doubt resulted in individual cases. Some fathers became tyrannical (kings have, of course, temptations that way). But the tyranny was, I think, more often exercised in little than in great matters. Dear me! when I remember the armies of fathers toiling twelve hours a day, in offices and laboratories, in ships, and mines, and deserts, and ice fields, among wild animals and savage men—principally that they may get money "to bring up their children"—it seems churlish to concentrate attention on ill-temper at breakfast, or despotic rules as to what the girls may spend, and whom they may walk out with!

However, it is decided that fathers are usurpers and tyrants, and the daughters are refusing to stay in the homes provided for them. They brandish fists in their parents' faces, clamoring for the portion of goods that faileth to them, and the instantaneous permission to go. If a prompting of common gratitude comes to the prodigal daughter, she at once quenches the spirit and says:

"What this old couple has done for me is ended and forgotten now I am as old as they!"

And again:

"I have a right to their money, because unasked they brought me into the world; and no duties are attached to that right beyond the duty of just living."

There is a certain superficial logic about this, and if it fails to persuade the father the girl cries out that men

have no reasoning power. If he is still obdurate, his purse strings unrelaxed, she has threats ready to end the argument.

"Think of 'Fanny's First Play,' and the steps that girl took to constrain her parents! You had better let me go quietly. I will support myself. I will do typewriting at 15s. a week. I will live upon buns, and share a room in a tenement with my dear friends, Eileen and Phyllis. Work is nobler than playing tennis at home or returning calls on inane people with mother!"

The poor child! She doesn't in her heart think so highly of typewriting. What she means is that she wants independence, and to get it she will sacrifice tennis and dancing and ball frocks, and even that precious boon, leisure. The father knows his girl capable of carrying out her threats. He surmises that her health may suffer from the diet of buns, and that in a year or two she will return a peevish and expensive invalid. He has visions of the vulgar society she will drift into, for her means will confine her to Bohemia, and though many Bohemians are well born, all are not well bred. He has blacker visions of impossible lovers, penniless husbands, elopements, nay seductions, and swift descents into the darker deeps.

"Horrible!" cries the girl; "shall a woman not be trusted save under lock and key?"

To be plain, the father does not trust her. She seems to him in a state of Anarchy. If she has principles, they are not principles which he recognizes as sound, and in any case they are untried. Good instincts she probably has; but with his wider knowledge of life he knows, what she refuses even to consider, that in this artificial age instincts are easily perverted, easily overruled, easily reasoned away by sophists. What chance have a girl's instincts against, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who industriously spends his life making the worse appear the better reason? Or there is Ibsen—rather out of date, but the apprehensive father has probably only just heard of him—who points out that whatever you do it will turn out badly, and so persuades you to gather your rosebuds while you may—to eat and drink and "have a good time," since to-morrow you are bound to die. No, the father does not trust his daughter. Probably he compromises, bribing her to give up the typewriting and the buns by paying for her to become a painter or a nurse, among people whom at least he knows something about.

So much for the fifth Commandment; hard upon it comes the seventh.

I say seriously and sadly that the virtue of women is being taken down from its throne. Virtue in girl or wife is no longer considered indispensable, and its inviolability the *sine quâ non* of at least private life. For to-day the most widely read novels, the most frequented plays—I speak only of fiction, but straws are useful to show the flowing of a stream—harp constantly on one note, on the pathos, the beauty, the justification of the woman who has gone wrong.

Sometimes she is the victim of circumstance; it is explained elaborately that she couldn't help it, and indeed, poor girl, I admit this may have been the case. But if a man has his legs chopped off in a railway accident, he also is the victim of circumstance, and I pity him with all my heart; but I don't go about preaching that he isn't disfigured, and can walk more actively than before and better than other folk! The case is worse still when the heroine is not the victim of circumstance, but achieves her fall not without difficulty and apparently for no

particular reason. Devoured by a passion of love she would be comprehensible, have even a certain nobility. But the modern heroine is seldom devoured by Sappho-like passion. Love is by no means her whole existence. She cares for a hundred other things, for votes, sanitation, philanthropy, aeroplanes. She is not blind with love; but she is inquisitive, greedy of experience. Like that young woman of Hindle she has her three days' fancy for the young man, as the young man has his three days' fancy for her. She envies the young man his liberty. It may be she envies him his vices. If her great-grand-aunt also had her envy, she was ashamed and hid it. But the modern heroine proclaims it aloud; and if she can she manages to act upon it. Afterwards she has a certain regret, but chiefly, I think, when she is inconvenienced; in her heart she feels the better, the stronger, the *purer* for what she has done.

This heroine, having begun as a prodigal daughter, has very probably been married young, over-persuaded to the rich man chosen by her mother (mistakenly, I dare say), or lightly enamored of some attractive Bohemian found by herself. In her state of Anarchy, the marriage bond, like everything else, has become a subject of question. Authority of a husband? But that's the old patriarchal idea again! She has tested the strength of the unspoken covenant with her parents, now she will test the more formal covenant of marriage. Her husband proves inferior or she has a fit of impatience. Goethe has explained that a state of despair is generally a fit of impatience. Perhaps she has merely a whim. Anyhow she is off!

I read a book the other day about a woman named Jacklin (in this book the very names were anarchical). She really loved her husband, but he was inconstant, and she felt herself vastly his superior. So she arranged a divorce and went off to another man, with whom apparently she was barely acquainted. He also was inconstant, so having another fit of impatience, she returned to the first spouse, taking the other man's child with her. There is no reason to suppose that either of the precious pair was the least more faithfully disposed than at first; but we are given to understand that now the marriage had become real, and pure, and creditable, and the dear knows what!

Perhaps the book is not very well written, and under the pen of a more dramatic writer might have seemed more plausible; but its essence is surely Anarchy.

"I refuse to be bound!" says the wife of the period; "even if I have bound myself, I still won't be bound. I will break promises, be false to trusts. I refuse even to examine moral obligations! I must live my own life. I repudiate everything but my own development, which is the new anarchical name with which I have dignified the pursuit of my own pleasure."

III.

After these solemnities it seems anti-climax to talk of the new music with its "suggestion" of courage, or avarice, or men going uphill, the visit of the godmother, uncle seeing baby in the bath, and such like unpromising themes. Or the new painting, the post-impressionists, the cubists, the futurists, with their men like animals (or Dutch dolls), their animals like nightmares, their angles and alphabets inside a man's head, their faces of emerald green, trees of Reckitt's blue, their horrible Bismarck brown. One and all, these painters and musicians seem to have forgotten Mazzini's excellent aphorism—

"In the mixing up of things is the Great Bad."

I ask in what sense are these productions *pictures?* Diagrams, hieroglyphics they may be; but why are they called *pictures?* If music is intellectual and moral but not musical, if pictures are symbolic but not pictorial, well, it suggests Anarchy to me; a refusal to be bound not only by outside tyranny, but by the essential and innate laws of the very business in hand, by the spiritual unity which perhaps you made yourself, but without which your object has no existence.

Not only among the playboys of art is there lapse into Anarchy; in public affairs we find an increasing inclination to play games without minding the rules. I am not referring to the politicians, for it is not always clear to me what game they are playing, still less what are their rules. I speak of the lower mortals, those who are governed, for whom the laws of the land are made. The rules of the government game are that we depute our representatives, chosen by various sifting processes, to govern us; and once having set them in the seats of authority, we don't personally interfere with them, but let them impose laws which we undertake simply to obey. But nowadays, personally, we want to interfere.

Unruly women dog the steps of ministers, interrupt their speeches, bid them discuss this or give priority to that, are only by superhuman vigilance prevented from bursting into the Houses of Parliament and usurping the members' right to make orations. And these same women do illegal things with impunity. For they have adopted a cunning use for woman's time-honored prerogative of ill-health, and turning their punishment into illness are allowed by the customs of chivalry to decline the just wages of their deeds. As for the rules of the game—they say they weren't consulted about rules, haven't agreed to them, and so are at liberty to profit by all winnings accruing from the game, while repudiating losses and the smallest obligation as to their play. *"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda passa."*

Among men and women alike is another spirit hostile to fair play. It considers that individuals are to obey only those laws which individually they approve. Smith won't have his baby vaccinated; Jones won't send Tommy to school; Robinson won't pay income tax; Mrs. Jones-Robinson-Smith smuggles and refuses to lick stamps for her half-dozen servants. And now Ulster says she will fight if the Home Rule Bill becomes law.

Ulster is probably right. Ulster is more than individuals; and of course there does come a point when the game itself proves so irksome that one gives it up and starts another. That is Revolution, and in the last resort is a sacred duty. But these passive resisters, these little, opinionated, turbulent folk, who are discontented as to some one point, and think they understand so much better than the responsible men who have studied it, these little people don't want a Revolution. They don't want to give up the game. They only wish to break the rules, to play for their own personal advantage; to tie the hands of their deputies, just as a stupid mistress ties the hands of the cook she has bidden make a pudding, by herself overhauling the ingredients and altering the heat of the oven. In a free country is this liberty? or is it chaos coming again—Anarchy?

I suppose I really have grown old thus seeing Anarchy everywhere. I repeat Tennyson's lines to myself daily:

"The old order changeth, yielding
place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

But it's no good. I am still apprehensive. One more example and I have done. Anarchy has crept into education. It begins, if not in the cradle, at least in the *crèche!* I have expected this. Long ago it occurred to me that most of the arguments in support of the extension of the franchise to the dregs of the population (which phrase, of course, precludes me from adding "and to women") could equally be advanced in favor of bestowing it on boys and girls. Are they not human? Are they not citizens? Have they not rights? grievances? Why should they be the only class unrepresented? Why should they be taxed, and not allowed (once they can talk) to express their views on expenditure? I have been expecting the children to organize passive, or more probably active resistances to their many oppressions. Breaking windows in the cause of liberty will, I am sure, be a task most congenial to them.

Well, the other day I read of a messenger boys' strike, and a little earlier of infants in a body who refused to attend school. And now here comes Signora Dottoressa Montessori telling us in no uncertain tones that she is going to reform education all over the world, from *the children's point of view.*

It seems, according to this wise and successful lady, that from time immemorial we have been making slaves of our little people, tyrannizing over them, depriving them of self-assertion and self-reliance, forbidding them to grow. In the new system the scholars are to lead and the teacher—I beg pardon! the *director*, but it's a misnomer—is to follow; to be as passive as possible, to observe, occasionally very delicately to hint. He (or she) must not punish, must not find fault, must not correct, must not even explain. He may say, "This is red, that is blue"; but whatsoever more in comment or illustration cometh of evil. To be so simple, so laconic, is admittedly hard upon the director; for he is essentially scientific, and his natural propensities incline him to verbiage and the longest and abstrusest words, such as pedagogical anthropology, orthophrenic psychiatry, blaesitas and lambdacism. The child, in short words or long, may chatter as it will, may sit where it pleases, may run round the garden when the whim takes it. However, it must be hindered from disturbing the others; this is the unpardonable sin, and must be treated with the greatest severity; namely, the offender must be seen by the doctor, then put in an armchair in a retired corner (no advice is offered as to how he shall be induced to stay there), given his favorite toys, and specially noticed and petted and coaxed, till he becomes of his own accord perfectly amenable, and in fact less troublesome than any of his companions.

Result of this hothouse forcing, the children educate themselves. At six years old they bath and dress their own bodies; they sweep rooms and wait at table; they add up sums; they distinguish between a square and a circle, an oval and an ellipse; they write letters, read books, are courteous and graceful, calm, cheerful and busy; and, marvel of marvels, they are obedient, for "obedience occurs as a natural tendency in older children."

It is admirable; but I want to know if the system is adapted to all children, or only to good ones?—for I have noted a by-law, that "incorrigibles shall be dismissed." At any rate the babes described don't seem at all like the babes I know. Dr. Montessori says her little ones put things in

their places, are conscience stricken if they upset chairs, enjoy washing. Good heavens!

A story is told of an injudicious nurse, seen on the Pincio in charge of a smiling babe eighteen months old who was shovelling sand into a pail. It was time to go home; the nurse "exhorted" the baby, but he continued to shovel. Then, kindly but rapidly, she filled the pail herself, set pail and baby in the perambulator and wheeled it away. Great wrath on the part of the baby, loud cries, and expression on his erst smiling countenance of protest against violence and injustice.

I ask, what should this nurse have done? Was it for Mr. Baby to fix the time for going home?

Seriously, in all this new system I question whether unwilling children ever really gain the power of doing something they don't want to do, of learning something they don't want to learn. The power can be gained; for instance, I mastered the scales; with pain and grief, I admit, but their early conquest, quite apart from its benefit to my future playing, became an object lesson to me for all my life.

If the children don't learn to do things they don't want to do—and incidentally to submit themselves to their betters—what will their subsequent lives be? The good, the intelligent ones will no doubt grow up reasonable and disciplined, though I should expect even these to be "soft."

But what about the children who are naturally insubordinate, mischievous, dull, perverse, perhaps vicious? I think they will end as they have begun—Anarchists.

IV.

But it occurs to me that probably Dr. Montessori *wishes* to train up Anarchists. Anarchy, theoretically, is a perfect system. Like the children she describes in their class-room, the anarchist is to move through his world "intelligently and gracefully, committing no rude or unkind act, voluntarily busy, a law unto himself, owning no master, no superior, no law." It is the precise condition I should like to arrive at myself. But alas! it presupposes the millennium, when wickedness shall have been abolished. Or else it presupposes slavery for incorrigibles, and I know not if ever they shall be few.

Having reached the Earthly Paradise, Virgil bestowed on Dante the symbolic crown and mitre, and sent him on his way, lord of himself. But ah! he had been through the world and hell and purgatory first; and, moreover, he was going into the waters of grey Lethe and thence straight into heaven—where there is no more curse; where the fearful are not, nor the unbelieving, nor the unjust, nor abominations, nor lies; but on all sides is the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal; where the servants of the Lamb *serve* him, and so shall *reign* for ever and ever.

Helen Hester Colvill.

The British Review.

JOHN COPE'S YEAR AT OXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

If there was one quality on the possession of which the Dean of St. Cyprian's prided himself it was that of explicitness. "Shakespeare, Butler, and Bacon," he was once heard to remark, "have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty, or profound, but a man of very ordinary intelligence can, if he will only take the trouble, be explicit." The Dean himself, be it

said, possessed something more than mere ordinary intelligence. It was a matter of common report that as an undergraduate Maple of St. Cyprian's had been the best all-round man of his day, his weakness being that he had allowed his enthusiasm to run rampart in too many directions and had essayed too much. A winner of two University Prizes, men said that he had missed the Craven because he elected to read for mathematical honors after securing the best First of the year in Classics; while his partial devotion to the River, where he was the best College stroke of his time, had probably cost him a place in the "Varsity" Eleven. Years and experience, adding a degree of formality to his bearing, had in no degree abated his enthusiasm, which was now, however, centered on one object only—the attainment of distinction alike in the Schools and the Playing-fields by the College of which he had been in the first place Scholar, then Classical Tutor, and was now the Dean and virtual ruler.

On this particular afternoon in March the Dean felt himself called upon to be even more than ordinarily explicit. For he found himself confronted by a hitherto unknown quantity, in the person of a young man of six-and-twenty or thereabouts, who, having called upon him, armed with a letter of introduction from an old College friend, had put forth the extraordinary, nay, even preposterous suggestion that he, John Cope by name, should be allowed to enter his name on the books of St. Cyprian's, and having dispensed with the formality of a Matriculation Examination, to reside for probably one year only. True, under favorable circumstances the period of residence might be indefinitely prolonged; but this Mr. John Cope, albeit singularly badly informed on most points, seemed to have just enough inteligence to believe that the "Dons"—these the Dean gathered to be the University Authorities—might require him to present himself "for one of their rotten examinations" at the end of the year. "And, of course, I'm not going to do that," he concluded in an airy way.

Here, indeed, was an occasion for plain speaking. This very confident young gentleman, Mr. John Cope, must be firmly and politely shown, for once and for all time, that St. Cyprian's, so far from being an asylum for the vagabond and the idler, or even an ordinary College, was rather a community of especially selected young men, not merely immaculate of conduct, but of whom each individual was expected to contribute a something which should, if possible, enhance an unusually high reputation. And, most unfortunately for John Cope, he had blundered badly at the very outset of his undertaking.

"Mind your p's and q's when you talk to the Dean, John," his good friend and rector had said.

And John, who by virtue of an uncle's death had for a year or thereabouts been Squire of Harraden, in his anxiety to follow the Rector's advice, writing to make an appointment with the Dean, had spelt St. Cyprian's with two p's. A venial offence in his case. For neither can it be expected that a youth who has left Eton when only in the Remove, and then spent five years on an Australian sheep-station before being summoned home to assist in the management of his uncle's estate, will necessarily know every saint and martyr in the calendar, nor has it ever been proved that a practical knowledge of the productive capacity of native guano, nitrate of soda, and so forth, necessarily entails an intimate acquaintanceship with the rules of orthography. That extra "p," however, had wounded the Dean's feelings. For

did not its insertion seem to imply that the young gentleman, who could not even spell the name properly, must have very vague ideas of the true importance of St. Cyprian's?

"I seem to gather, Mr. Cope, what your views are in reference to what we may call a temporary residence in Oxford as a member of the University. Your case, I will admit, is peculiar. You do not appear to have had the benefit of an extended system of education, and with a view to future contingencies—an idea, perhaps, of eventually becoming a Member of Parliament—eh? I beg your pardon."

"I'm not going to do that, anyhow. They talk a lot of rot, and do nothing but tax landlords——" then after a perceptible pause, "sir."

The Dean, in his official vein a purist to the core in the matter of choice of words, shivered slightly, and then resumed.

"Well, we will substitute, of fulfilling your position of landed gentleman."

"Only about 6000 acres—a sort of flea-bite. My boss in Australia had more like twenty square miles. That's being landed if you like—sir."

"Ah, well, then of holding your own in society. You are desirous to have the opportunity of studying the *conveniances* of social life in a great educational centre, and of perfecting your education and mingling with other young men—undergraduates, I mean ——"

"Some of them are awful young asses, aren't they—sir?"

Again the Dean shivered, before making an unwise attempt to bring this very blunt-spoken young man to his proper bearings.

"That is rather too strong an expression, Mr. Cope," with some severity. "In every community there will be found good and bad—sheep, shall we say? and goats. Here, I am glad to say, the sheep preponderate, though doubtless in some less favored Colleges, goats—eh—eh——?"

Mr. Cope took instant advantage of the momentary hesitation.

"Breed," he suggested, and then proceeded to quash the Dean's objection. "Well, if I called them asses, you called them goats—sir. I'd rather be an ass than a goat any day. An ass is some good and a goat isn't, except to draw a child's carriage. Of course, goat's milk is all right, and so is asses' milk. Rare good stuff for kids. I was reared on it, in fact."

"Very likely," said the Dean drily, "but what I wish to point out to you, Mr. Cope, is this. You have not come to the right College for your requirements. I do not say that you may not be successful elsewhere. But St. Cyprian's—by the way, there is only one p in the Saint's name: he was martyred, if you remember, at Carthage in the third century."

"Poor old chap!" sympathetically ejaculated Mr. Cope.

"St. Cyprian's is a comparatively small but distinctly select College; indeed it may almost be said to fulfil the position of a *tribus prærogativa*."

"What's that?"

"The tribe in the Comitia at Rome, or rather, in our case, the College in the University which takes the lead, and gives the tone to other nominally equal, but—eh—eh?—less highly favored foundations——"

"Sort of big boss donkey that walks first in the string—sir."

"Yes, yes. Every member of St. Cyprian's makes it his business to contribute his *quotum* towards keeping up the College reputation. In fact, I may say that all our undergraduates take pride in maintaining our traditions. Last year, for instance, we obtained no less than nine First Classes in various schools; our Eight was second on the river, three of our men repre-

sented the University in the sports, one rowed in the Eight at Putney, and although our cricket Eleven was not particularly strong, still we defeated the two other Colleges, both larger than our own, situated in this street. Possibly," he continued rather hurriedly, as he noted that Mr. Cope was meditating another interpolation, "we may not do so well this year, as several good men have gone down, but we hope that——"

"There are as good fish in the sea."

"Well, yes, yes. But—my time is rather precious, Mr. Cope, and I have two very important engagements this afternoon—what I would suggest to you is that you should go to some other College, which is not—eh—quite so high in its aims, and which might be ready to assist you on the lines you propose; such a College, I would say, as Wadham or Worcester. I daresay you would find several quite nice young men in either of them. Or perhaps one of the Halls might suit you even better. Or, again, and I really think that this would be the best course of all, you might talk over your views with one of the Delegates of the unattached students, who might perhaps offer you the facilities you require. And now I must really bid you good afternoon, Mr. Cope. Please to remember me kindly to your Rector, and tell him how gladly I would have accepted his recommendation had I been able to see my way to it," and, thus speaking, the Dean arose from his chair with the evident intention of ushering John Cope to the door. Not so lightly, however, was he destined to get rid of his visitor. For Mr. Cope, who had shown various signs of impatience during the Dean's peroration, now developed a new line of attack.

"Have those unattached men got a cricket-ground? I mean, is there a chance of decent cricket there—sir?"

This was a question which the Dean was wholly unprepared to answer. To this conservative mind that comparatively modern importation, the unattached student, appealed as an individual, not perhaps necessarily objectionable in himself, but at any rate as beyond the pale of University civilization, ranking indeed as barbarian to Greek, or as Helot to free-born Spartan.

"I know nothing whatever about them," he snapped; "but," and here he looked at the young man with more interest than before, "are you a cricketer, Mr. Cope?"

"Well, yes, I've played—a lot at times."

"Where, may I inquire?" asked the Dean, who having now worked his way to the door, stood for a moment with his hand resting on the handle.

"For the Colony against the M. C. C. lot four years ago, and since I came home once or twice for the County."

"Played for your County!" exclaimed the Dean, as he relinquished his grasp on the door-handle and stared hard at the visitor. "When and where, may I ask? I do not seem to remember your name."

"Perhaps not; I was Lister, then—sir. I have only been Cope since my uncle died and I had to take his name."

"Lister!" exclaimed the Dean, and with that he took one stride to his writing-table, and, picking up the card which his scout had brought up on the visitor's arrival, wiped his spectacles preparatory to examining it.

"John L. Cope," he muttered to himself, "and the L. is Lister," and then for a full half-minute he continued to stare hard alternately at the card and its original owner, by way, it may be presumed, of verifying the connection between the one and the other. The process of identification apparently concluded to his satisfaction, the Dean

next walked to the farther end of the room and carefully closed the bedroom door, and then, as though by way of making security doubly secure and cutting off from his visitor any chance of premature escape, he marched off into the anteroom which led to his more private apartments and "sported his oak."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr.—eh—eh—Cope," addressing his visitor, who, having remained standing with a view to departure, was not a little mystified over the series of precautions, "that you are *the* Lister, the googly bowler?"

"Well, I was Lister, and I do bowl googlies."

"But did you," inquired the Dean with some severity,—"did you take eight Middlesex wickets for forty runs?"

"Well, yes, I did. A fluke, of course. They got themselves out. Besides, it was forty-three runs."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Dean. "This is extremely interesting. Now, do tell me, my dear fellow," and forgetting all about the important engagements, real or imaginary, he seized Cope by the arm and literally forced him into a chair.

"Now tell me something about your batting."

"I can hit a bit. I——" and John Cope hesitated.

"You——?"

"Well, I once got seventy against M. C. C. in Australia."

"Dear me! That is very interesting indeed," quoth the Dean, and following that there was a long pause in the conversation, a pause employed by the Dean in ruminating, by John Cope in fidgeting in his chair and wondering whether, in view of his host's important engagements, it was not high time for him to be off. He had indeed half risen from his chair when the Dean, who had been gazing into the fireplace in an attitude of deep abstraction, suddenly looked up.

"Keep your seat, please, Mr. Lis—I mean Cope. I shall not detain you long, but——" and here he temporarily reverted to the old explicit style, varied, however, by occasional queries put to his visitor and brief comments addressed to himself. "On more mature consideration of your case, a very peculiar case, of course, I have come to the conclusion that it will hardly be consonant with the spirit of this College to throw an obstacle in the way of what is after all a commendable ambition on your part to avail yourself, even for a short time, of the benefits of collegiate life with a view to filling more worthily the position which you are called upon to occupy in your county. By the way, you have not played for it latterly, have you?"

Mr. Cope briefly explained that in part his uncle's death and illness, and in part the absence of other amateurs, had been the cause of this abstention.

"They wanted me to captain the side—sir. But it's dull work stopping in a hotel alone, and having only pros to talk to."

"Exactly, exactly," asserted the Dean, "the desire for companionship and intellectual conversation is most natural. Man is a social or gregarious animal, Mr.—eh—Cope, and, as a Roman writer remarked, like rejoices in like."

Here Mr. Cope rather imprudently interpolated that now and again on a cricket field one met "most awful bounders," and he even intimated that he had recently encountered an individual of that description who had claimed to have once played in the Oxford Eleven.

"Yes, yes, I have been told that such unfortunate mistakes have been made, but we will hope that history of that type will not repeat itself. However,

Mr. Cope Lister, I mean Mr. Lister Cope, I may say that under the circumstances the College would be not disinclined to entertain your proposition. On certain conditions, that is. Of course we should expect you to conform with the College regulations in the matter of attending—oh! by the way, didn't you play against Yorkshire, too?"

The sudden transition seemed to puzzle Mr. Cope.

"College regulations in the matter of attending——" he repeated slowly, and then, gathering from the Dean's face that he was expecting an answer to his last question, he admitted that he had played against Yorkshire.

"It wasn't quite my day out," he added. "I only got four—no, five wickets in the two innings. I stuck them up a bit, but catches did not go to hand. But I got a nice little knock in the second innings—thirty-four, most of them off two overs of Hirst."

"Did you really?" exclaimed the Dean. "But now we must not be irrelevant, Mr. Lis—eh, Cope! As to the College regulations. Attendance at morning chapel in the first place. We expect our undergraduates to attend chapel at 8 A. M. four mornings in the week, and——"

An interpolation from Mr. Cope.

"Oh, I really can't do that, it's so awfully early, and besides, I'm a Quaker," —and then, seeing that the Dean looked absolutely horror-struck, he proceeded to explain that his family had been of the Quaker persuasion from time immemorial, but that he himself, not being quite so confirmed a Quaker as his forefathers, had conceived it to be his duty as Squire of the parish to attend at least one service in Church on Sunday.

"Two, sometimes, but not often," he concluded.

"Indeed, that is very creditable to you, Mr.—eh—Cope, and I could wish that all our landlords realized the great importance of setting a good example to their tenants and co-parishioners. It is satisfactory, too, to feel that notwithstanding your adoption of the creed of your forefathers you see nothing repugnant to your feelings in our very simple yet very beautiful ritual. So—by the way, did you bowl against the M. C. C. team in Australia?"

"I only had four overs, but I got the last two wickets—sir. Not with googlies, though, I was quite fast then, left-hand, but I damaged my shoulder in the winter playing football, and so I took to bowling right. It was a bit awkward at first, and—well, perhaps that's how I came to bowl googlies—sir."

"How very interesting!" exclaimed the Dean. "Yours is indeed a very unusual experience, Mr. Cope. Have you ever reverted to your left hand?"

"Sometimes. You can't bowl googlies for long at a spell, you know—not, at least, to do much good; and besides, it rests you to bowl left-hand occasionally—sir."

"I can understand that," said the Dean; and he took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully with a view to making a more thorough survey of this young man, who, after so unpromising a start, was revealing himself as the possessor of so many excellences.

"And you are a football player?"

"Yes, I used to play half-back for the Colony, but I play three-quarter now. I'm a bit bigger and heavier now, faster too, I hope. I wasn't eighteen when I played for the Colony."

"Well now," said the Dean, after some consideration, "to return to the question of chapels. May I understand that you have no conscientious objections which would hinder your attendance in the College Chapel?"

"No, not exactly," replied Mr. Cope, —and he then proceeded to demonstrate to the best of his ability that those conscientions objections, which would undoubtedly inhibit his presence in chapel on week-day mornings, did not extend to Sunday attendance.

"You see," he concluded, "I always go on Sunday at home; the Rector says it is a good example, but you can't want me as an example."

And the Dean, who had by this time arrived at a stage of mind which might have induced him to secure this young paragon among athletes, had he even declared himself to be a Mormon, for St. Cyprian's, gracefully conceded the point.

"Well, yes, perhaps under the circumstances—for yours is certainly a peculiar case, Mr. Cope—the Sunday attendance will be sufficient. Then there are lectures—that is, courses of instruction with a view to the Examinations."

"As I'm not taking any Examinations I shan't want lectures, shall I?" suggested Mr. Cope.

"Well—er—perhaps not," rather dubiously. "And yet, Mr. Cope, it would be a pity to let your mind lie fallow for a whole year. Athleticism is a great resource, I grant, but you cannot pass a whole week or even a whole day in play. There are many subjects taught at a University which might be of incalculable benefit to you in the future. Let me think—Political Economy, for one. I am sure it would interest you to attend some good lectures on Political Economy."

"It might, or it might not—sir. But what is it?"

"It deals with the causes of the wealth of nations, the relations between demand and supply, and many other things really simple in themselves which would appeal at once to your common-sense. Now here, for example, is a very simple question, really coming under the head of Political Economy, to which your common-sense would supply an answer at once. When I was staying in Cornwall last Spring I found that I could buy thirty eggs for a shilling, but here in Oxford I can only buy twelve. I asked myself the reason of this, and a very slight knowledge of Political Economy at once supplied the answer."

"More hens," ejaculated Mr. Cope.

"Well, yes," admitted the Dean, "I suppose there are. Curiously enough, that solution never occurred to me. I was thinking of the demand rather than of the supply. Things are cheapened by lack of demand, cost of transport——"

"Less thievish tradesmen," interpolated Mr. Cope.

"Possibly so," and with the feeling perhaps that he was not on quite the same lines with his visitor in the matter of Political Economy, the Dean then and there dropped the subject of Lectures and passed on to "Collections."

"There is one more point that I must ask you to pay attention to, Mr. Cope, the question of 'Collections,'—in other words, a sort of gathering of the undergraduates in our Hall on the last day of the term. There is a sort of informal examination, a few papers and so forth, but———" and he hurried on to forestall the protest which was clearly imminent, "that would in no way affect yourself, your case being, as I have already said, peculiar. Still, our President is a very old man, Mr. Cope, and has his foibles——"

"Like my uncle," interpolated Mr. Cope.

"Yes, yes, just so; and he likes to see all the young men assembled on that day and to have a word with each of them——"

Another brief interruption from Mr. Cope.

"Oh, that will be all right, sir. I've

had a good training in talking to old gentlemen. My uncle—he was my great-uncle really—always said that I was the only fellow who could make him hear without a trumpet; he was as deaf as a post, and I daresay your old man is too. The best way is to let them yarn on themselves, and tell you about mail-coaches and sedan-chairs and to pretend you like it."

"Quite so, Mr. Cope, quite so. I don't know that the President talks much about mail-coaches, but he likes to have a word or two with each of his young men. It is almost the only chance he has of seeing them."

"Poor old chap!" muttered Mr. Cope, and then louder: "I wouldn't mind going to sit with him a bit now and again. It cheers them up to have some one to swear at on their gouty days,—at least, I know it did my uncle."

"Very kind of you, indeed, Mr. Cope," said the Dean, manfully resisting a strong inclination to laugh at a proposition which had so evidently been made in all seriousness; "and now I think I have finished, and that we shall not require you to go through the formality of any further Matriculation Examination, but shall expect you to come into residence on the 29th of April, when our term begins. You'll make a point of playing for the College as often as you can, won't you? It would be a great feather in our cap if we beat those other two colleges again."

Whereupon John Cope, in his joy that the interview was successfully concluded, rather rashfully vowed that come weal or come woe those two matches should take precedence of any other engagement.

Having wished good-bye to the Dean with a truly Colonial grip of the hand, which made the Dean's fingers tingle for a good half-hour, John Cope was already half-way down the staircase when he found himself recalled to receive one more parting admonition.

"Just one more word, Mr. Cope. I want you to remember, in case you may wish to address any communication to the College, that our patron saint's name is spelt with a single **p**. You might perhaps find time to look up a little of his history; you will find it, no doubt, in the 'Lives of the Saints,' a most interesting work. But in any case only one p, if you please, in future."

Blackwood's Magazine. *(To be concluded.)*

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE EMPIRE?

Unquestionably the news of the shooting down of a Muhamadan procession at Cawnpore, engaged in protesting, though riotously and tumultuously, against a "municipal regulation," has created a profound feeling of anxiety throughout England. The fact that the Muhamadans were killed while protesting against interference with a Muhamadan place of worship deepens the sense of uneasiness and sorrow. Englishmen do not like to have British rule supported too obviously by bayonets; and they downright detest even a righteous necessity which calls for armed police. The fact that Indian Muhamadans have suffered, and that a grave agitation has arisen among the Moslem population, makes the affair all the more tragical and deplorable. We may be sure that the British magistrate who had actually to meet the outbreak of fanaticism and violence displayed the utmost

regard for humane considerations in face of the infuriated multitudes who sought to restore the damaged portion of the Machli Bazaar Mosque. It is elsewhere that the real responsibility must be sought. It is somewhat like the deplorable bloodshed at Johannesburg, where passions that threatened to provoke the most terrible catastrophes necessitated the intervention of the Imperial troops. The actual tragedy was only the result of antecedents which do not appear to have been recognized until the mischief had occurred. It is said in India, and in all probability said with justice, that the religious passions of the Cawnpore Muhamadans had been insidiously excited by agitators from outside. There has been a growing excitement among the Indian Muhamadans ever since the misfortunes of Turkey and the declarations of anti-Turkish policy by the Liberal Cabinet at Westminster. The unfortunate accident which led to a mosque being sacrificed in part in order to make room for an improved roadway, while a Hindu temple, that was intended to be demolished originally, was spared, gave an opportunity for sowing ill-will too tempting not to be utilized by the emissaries of discontent. We can receive all these explanations, which have no doubt their historical value. It remains regrettable that things should have been allowed to come to this extremity. The traditional administration of British India was accustomed to prevent such explosions in preference to suppressing them. Was it necessary to demolish any portion of a Muhamadan religious edifice without the full consent of the Muhamadan community? Granted the importance of good roads and better communications, might not a considerable circuit be much less an impediment to the public convenience than a religious edifice removed at the expense of many human lives and the anger of scores of millions of the King-Emperor's subjects? Somehow it does not recall the historic spirit of English rule—it does not recall the ways by which we won and kept India for glorious generations, when we read of "municipal improvements" being mishandled with such results. Has the un-English spirit which is conspicuous in so many aspects of the Liberal Cabinet and party at home also come to influence the administration of our Asiatic Empire? There have been many changes and many strange arrivals in the conduct of Indian government since the Asquith Ministry came to office. It would be calamitous if our Parliamentary rulers, who have degraded Parliament, should succeed in making India feel anything of what Ulster has to suffer. It is a poor excuse that there is an anti-British agitation among the Indian Muhamadans at England's abandonment of Turkey. Why should England have abandoned Turkey?

There is absolutely, as we have said, no reason for censuring the action of the magistrate who had actually to meet the outburst of religious passion and fury on the side of the angry crowd of Muhamadans. It is not when thousands of rioters are actually showering stones upon a small police force that hesitation can be shown about restoring order. It is the previous situation and the general condition of feeling throughout India, as well as the local circumstances at Cawnpore, which must invite the attention of the judicious observer. In the first place it appears that a curious discrimination was exercised in favor of Hindu petitioners. "Originally a Hindu temple as well as part of a mosque was to be demolished for the road improvement. In obedience to a protest from the peo-

ple of the town the temple was spared." We believe that we are right in holding that no such injurious discrimination would have been tolerated by the old tradition of British rule in India. It is somewhat absurd to add the sapient remark that "The occurrence illustrates the danger of agitators playing on the religious fanaticism of an ignorant crowd." Let anybody try to pull down a Roman Catholic chapel in Galway or Limerick for "road improvement," and let him consider if the most perfect creation in pavement would be worth the trouble that must follow. It appears that the Government had a long warning of the growth of Muhamadan indignation. "The dalan or vestibule of the mosque was demolished to widen the road on July 1. The work of destruction was carried out in the presence of the district magistrate, who had ordered out a strong force of police with fixed bayonets to preserve order. As soon as the building had been pulled down, thousands of Moslems visited the mosque. On July 17 a public meeting of Muhamadans of Cawnpore was held to petition the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, to order the restoration of the demolished building." The whole month of July was suffered to elapse, during which the Muhamadan protest extended all over India; and yet the devotees in high places of "road improvement" took no account of the deplorable situation. Does the Secretary of State for India receive no information of the rise and progress of vast movements of popular indignation and religious fanaticism, if you please, throughout our Indian Empire?

We are greatly afraid that, in addition to any incompetence which may exist among the novel elements introduced into Indian government, there seems to be a certain neo-official dislike at the sympathy which Moslem India has exhibited towards the misfortunes of Turkey and the discontent caused in India by the Near Eastern policy of our Foreign Office. It would be worse than foolish of any Government to show its resentment at such natural sentiments by any disrespect of Indian Muhamadan convictions. Clearly the necessity is evident for a careful examination and investigation where such danger is involved. Religion is the heart and centre of Indian feeling, both Muhamadan and Hindu. The Great Mutiny arose out of the excitement caused by the story of the "polluted cartridges" which were to destroy the caste of the Native soldiery. Unfortunately, the forcible demolition of part of a mosque can neither be denied nor explained away. However high in the official hierarchy may be the origin of such a gigantic mistake as the demolition of a Moslem place of worship in order to improve a roadway, the investigation should not stop short of the exact truth and the real responsibility. We do not want the spirit of the Balkan Committee, with its pitiful contempt for Muhamadan beliefs and Muhamadan rights, to be imported into the government of the hundred million Muhamadans of the British Empire. Lord Crewe and Mr. Edwin Montagu are distinguished members of the Ministry which has hounded on the savage Serb and the merciless Bulgar to the destruction of Turkey in Europe—not only the Turkish army and rulers, but the civil population. They, too, have turned the deaf ear to every demand for justice or equality of treatment. Even the Consular reports of British Consuls have found them as unheeding as their eminent colleague in the Foreign Office. They have done an ill service to the Empire in Asia; and if the knowledge of their avowed tendencies has not failed to fill the Moslem world

in India with suspicion and discontent that is the most fertile soil for disaffection, the culpability is mainly theirs. The present is a time when exceptional consideration and friendliness, and not provocation of any kind, should be shown to Moslems by a wise Administration.

The Outlook.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

"Francesca," I said, "I am intoxicated by the beauty of this day. Let us do something dashing."

"What particular dash do you feel like?" said Francesca.

"I think I've got the pic-nic feeling," I said. "Yes, I feel like a pic-nic."

"What a pity you didn't feel like that yesterday when we all wanted you to come."

"No matter," I said, "I feel like it to-day. I will carry the table-cloth."

"We shan't want a table-cloth."

"Is that wise, Francesca? A table-cloth gives an air of aristocratic ease to the humblest feast. You shake your head? Very well, then, no table-cloth. But I will watch you cutting the bread-and-butter and making the tea. The children shall carry the cake and the jam. I will choose a spot for the feast. We will go there in a boat, and, if you like, you shall do the sculling while I steer and the children all let their hands trail in the water. Yes, Francesca, I feel more like a pic-nic every minute."

"I'm sorry for that," she said.

"Sorry, Francesca! Why are you sorry? When I refuse in consequence of overwhelming work——"

"Overwhelming sofa-cushions," said Francesca.

"I repeat: when I refuse, owing to the pressure on my time, to join a pic-nic you are—I will not say angry, for you are never angry, are you, dear?—but you are certainly displeased. And now, when I propose a pic-nic, and when I expect you to dance for joy, you say you are sorry. *Varium et mutabile semper.*"

"It is useless," she said, "to fling a stupid old Latin insult at me."

"Let me," I said, "call the children and tell them about the pic-nic. They, at least, will be delighted."

"That, too, would be useless."

"But why, Francesca?" I said. "I'm quite determined to have a pic-nic."

"And that," she said, "is more useless than anything else."

"I knew it would be," I said. "I have only to express a wish——"

"And it is always gratified. But not to-day."

"And pray, why?"

"Because of the Garden Party."

"The Garden *what?*" I said frantically.

"The Garden Party," she repeated calmly.

"Gracious Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me you are going to a Garden Party?"

"I do. I am. And what is more, you are coming with me."

"We will see about that," I said gloomily. "But first let me tell you that Garden Parties don't exist. They are Victorian. They are like Penny Readings and Literary Institutes and —er—umbrella covers. Yes, they are exactly like umbrella covers. Don't you remember umbrella covers, Francesca? Some were of plain silk, others were very black and beautiful and glistened wonderfully. Everybody had them and nobody used them. We took them off and threw them away and forgot them. Francesca, there

must be millions of unused umbrella covers in England. Let us start a company for the recovery of umbrella covers, but, as we value our peace of mind, do not let us go to a Garden Party."

"But," said Francesca, "it's such a beautiful day."

"It isn't really, you know," I urged. "It's only pretending. There's quite a nasty little cloud over there, and it's growing. You mark my words, it'll rain in buckets in another hour or so; and how will your Garden Party get on then? There, I felt a drop on my nose."

"But that'll stop the pic-nic, too, won't it?"

"How foolish of you, Francesca! It never troubles to rain on a quiet family pic-nic, but a great showy Garden Party brings out all nature's worst qualities."

"Well, I can't help it. You've got to come."

"No, no," I said warmly, "you mustn't take me. I don't know how to dress for a Garden Party. When you see me in a black frock coat and brown boots and a straw hat you will be ashamed of me and you will wish you hadn't brought me; but it will then be too late. It will get into the local paper. *The Daily Mail* will have a paragraph about it:—'Strange conduct of an alleged gentleman at a Garden Party.' You mustn't take me, Francesca."

"But how can I help it?"

"How can you help it! There are a thousand ways. You can leave me; you can forget me; you can suddenly begin to dislike me; you can go alone; you can lock me into the library; you can fail to find me when the moment comes; you can——"

"You needn't go on," she said. "It's not a bit of good."

"Indomitable and relentless woman," I said, "tell me at least where this Garden Party is to be, and who is giving it."

She laughed. "You're giving it," she said. "It's going to be here. Hurry up and get into your frock coat. They'll all be arriving directly."

R. C. L.

Punch.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

The Government, we are convinced, have made a mistake in refusing to take part in the Panama Exhibition. It is an intelligible mistake, and a mistake, we are glad to think, which is not past cure, but a mistake which ought not to have been made. The misconstruction which has been placed upon their decision and the irritation which it has caused, not only on the Pacific Coast, but throughout the United States, are its sufficient condemnation. The explanation which they have given of it is, we are satisfied, the real explanation. That is not doubted by anybody in this country or, we feel confident, by those Americans who know us best. But this class of Americans is necessarily limited. The great masses of all nations are prone to judge the actions of others by appearances, and the masses in the United States form no exception to the rule. We are not in the least surprised that even the American opinion which admits our claims under the Canal Treaties to be reasonable should see in our abstention from the Canal exhibition an expression of ill-temper at the disregard of those claims and of our remonstrances concerning them. It was inevitable in the circumstances that they should come to such a conclusion. It

was equally inevitable that, having reached it, they should condemn the "pin-prick" imputed to us as a puerile display of petty malice. Assuredly it would have deserved this censure had it been a "pin-prick" at all. In fact it was, of course, nothing of the kind. Our manufacturers and traders have been complaining for years past that exhibitions have become a serious tax upon their business. That this view is widely shared by other nations of the Old World was demonstrated by the Conference held in Berlin last October, and attended by delegates from this country and from fifteen other States. Great Britain and all the other States represented pledged themselves not to patronize "large general exhibitions" if held at intervals of less than ten years. The Ghent Exhibition was, of course, already organized, but the Belgian Government, even before this decision, had bound themselves not to promote another until 1923. It was with this recent international obligation before their eyes, and with the facts and reasoning which had persuaded the Conference to enter into it fresh in their memories, that the Government had to decide whether this country should be officially represented at San Francisco or not. On inquiry they found that manufacturers in this country were not anxious to participate. The Government made up their minds that representation at San Francisco would cost the State some £250,000, and our manufacturers a sum which has been estimated at about £500,000, and they decided that the material results would not justify the outlay.

The mistake they made was that they did not take a wider view. Conscious that the Panama Canal Act had nothing whatever to do with their decision, they did not reflect that American opinion would almost infallibly judge that it was the cause of their decision. They did not remember in London the considerations which the *President* of the *Board of Trade* expounded the other day at Ghent. They did not bethink them, as *Mr. Buxton* did, that the value of exhibitions is not to be exclusively measured in pounds, shillings, and pence; that these international gatherings further mutual "knowledge, understanding, and appreciation"; that they help peoples to "look to the good qualities in other nations rather than to their deficiencies"; that they tend "to promote agreement rather than differences," and that "national relations between countries are greatly improved" by them. Had these somewhat elementary truths been present to their minds the Government would not have gone beyond the letter of the Berlin Convention, or shrunk from the outlay needed in this instance. If their decision is irrevocable, will not the patriotism and the enterprise of our manufacturers and traders do something to make good their blunder? That it is nothing worse than a blunder well-informed opinion in America will doubtless realize upon reflection. Americans who know us and our history know that our self-respect and our sense of fair play forbid us to uphold a serious political claim by acts of petty spitefulness. The conduct of Canada and of Australia, both of whom, we understand, have decided to participate, should suffice alone to dispel any reasonable doubts as to the nature of the mistake which the home Government have committed. Interest in the Canal and feeling against the Canal Act are at least as strong in these great Dominions as in England. If their better judgment brings out the fault of Downing street, it also demonstrates that this fault is not due to national ill-feeling, but to a failure on the part of Ministers to foresee the

natural consequences of their own action. The fault is deplorable, but it is natural, pardonable, and, above all, not past the repair which the sense and the sentiment of the nation demand.

The Times.

THE CREATOR OF GERMAN SOCIALISM.

It is no exaggeration to say that with August Bebel there has gone from European politics their strongest personality and their most powerful will. Few statesmen wield to-day an appreciable influence outside their own country. Of politicians whose thoughts and words had wings to carry them beyond their own frontier, we can name only two. One is Jaurès, and the other was Bebel. If Jaurès is the more sympathetic figure, the greater thinker, and the more eloquent voice, there is nothing in his record which stirs the veneration that Bebel inspired. His leadership was creative. Every other leader in modern Europe inherited his party. There was not a man among them who did not receive his mantle from some older prophet, and assume the control of an organization which generations of predecessors built up. Bebel made his party, and made it virtually out of nothing. He had to create, not merely its machine, but its habit of thought, and to create it in the face of repression and persecution. The fruit of his work is a party, the most disciplined, the most self-reliant, the most potent for education as well as for combat, of any in modern Europe. Our British parties, with the wealth of our middle-class behind them, their great newspapers, and their enormous power of social pressure are formidable engines of public opinion. But they are not, in the same sense as German Socialism, an intellectual force which acts upon millions of working-men with the combined power of a university, a church, and a trade union. Allow what one will to the speculative genius of Karl Marx, to the imaginative impulse of Lassalle, to the ardent idealism of Liebknecht, this formidable regimented phalanx is Bebel's creation and his monument. The man who achieved this feat in a country which values above all else the trained intelligence and the academic mind, was a self-educated artisan.

It is a common criticism on German Socialism to say that it has been barren of positive political results. To have supplied the working classes with an elaborate education in a country where they were, as they were not in Britain and France, politically non-existent and unconscious, is itself a sufficiently large achievement. But the criticism ignores the indirect effects of German Socialism. No one who knows the facts would deny that the impulse behind the whole series of German Social Reforms has been the necessity of combating Bebel's party. Bismarck derived from Lassalle his first notions of social amelioration, and admitted the debt frankly. The pressure that carried him and his successors into their schemes of insurance was without a doubt the sheer necessity of proving that the plight of the working classes could be rendered tolerable more simply and smoothly than by the triumph of Social Democracy.

But the real peculiarity of Bebel's policy and career was rather that instead of furnishing Liberalism with ideas, as Socialism has done in our own country, it seemed to sap its virtue and to place it on the defensive

as a narrowly middle-class party. It is a nice question how far the aggressiveness and deliberate isolation of social democracy is to blame for this result. The fact is, we suspect, that under German conditions there is no natural place for a constructive Liberalism. It is debarred from office and power; it cannot put in practice a policy of evolutionary adjustment; nor is it fitted to extort reforms by mass agitation. Bebel's policy of no compromise would be sterile in this country, and the influence of its example has probably been mischievous in France. But a powerful argument could be piled up to prove that it was in the main, and until recent years, the only policy which a working-class party could hopefully adopt against a bureaucratic Government in a State dominated by its army, over-governed by its police, and controlled by the most retrograde and the most formidable Conservative class that exists in any European country save Russia. Against this tremendous reactionary force Bebel fought a continual battle, which was always for the enemy a rear-guard action. He won liberty of meeting and association, and nothing is now wanted but the reform of the Prussian franchise to sap the whole structure at its foundations. The day has not come as yet to estimate his work by results. But this at least is certain. The lonely pioneer who went to prison for his protest against the annexation of Alsace, will take his place in history with Bright and Cobden and Jaurès as the man whose lifework contributed the most to build across guarded frontiers and conscript barrack-rooms the hope of international brotherhood and enduring peace.

The Nation.

THE PEACE.

It seems certain that none of the Great Powers desires changes in the Treaty of Bucharest strongly enough to force a revision at the risk of provoking a new war. We may assume, therefore, that the Treaty will be accepted as it is, and, with the sanction of the Powers, will take the place of the Treaty of Berlin. Only one Great Power is seriously and conspicuously restless, and that is Austria-Hungary. But as Germany wears shining armor with quite as much *insouciance* when she helps to coerce Bulgaria in violation of all Austrian wishes as when she threatened Russia in order to gratify Austrian sentiment against Servia, we imagine that the Austrian Foreign Office will have to fall into line with the rest of Europe. Of course, Count Berchtold, if he does not resign his office, will make his new line of march sufficiently circuitous to avoid the appearance of a sudden retreat. The important fact is that the Bucharest Treaty, contrary to all expectations, unites the Great Powers nearly enough for them to give it their sanction as the form of peace approved of by the Concert. We have said from the beginning that the final peace would not be a peace of any durability or in any sense worthy of its name unless it carried the authority and prestige of the whole Concert. What, then, are we to say of this peace of Bucharest? Simply that if it unites the Powers, as no other arrangement could unite them, it is a settlement that satisfies the main condition and must be accepted.

It satisfies the main condition, even though on countless minor points it courts criticism. On the face of it,

the settlement of the boundary lines is not the one we should have wished. Distinctively Bulgarian towns in Macedonia—distinctively Bulgarian, at least, if the ethnographic argument is to be allowed any weight at all—pass into non-Bulgarian ownership; the withdrawal of Macedonian territory is indeed a monstrous disappointment to Bulgaria; and Greece has successfully pressed her claim to an unduly large slice of the Thracian coast. Because Bulgaria was helpless before her combined foes she has been deprived of rewards which were properly hers by right of the enormous sacrifices she made in the war against Turkey. We call this a bad arrangement in itself, because it is one which is bound to leave Bulgaria permanently sore, and therefore a worse neighbor to Servia and Greece than she otherwise would have been. If Servia and Greece were able in their exultation to take a larger view of the future they would recognize that it would have been to their own interest to be satisfied with a little less than their pound of flesh. Bulgarian discontent may be a source of much expense and anxiety to them in the years to come. No doubt Bulgaria deserved a hard rap over the knuckles, but she did not deserve one so hard as this. We cannot help remarking that the secrecy which Bulgaria made a point of maintaining throughout the war was one of the causes of her undoing. She baffled Europe by a deliberately contrived system of misleading information, and, still following the policy of secrecy, she sprang a surprise attack on Greece and Servia which appears to have been a soldier's policy hatched apart from all the restraining influences of criticism at home and the sober warnings of onlookers abroad. The frankest publicity would have served her cause better. Thus we see how secrecy, in excessive or morbid forms, may defeat the very military ends which it was intended to serve. This is a lesson for everybody, however, and Bulgaria should not have been made to learn it alone. Sir Edward Grey, in his statement in the House of Commons on Tuesday, most wisely refused to single out any Balkan State for particular censure in the recent war of brothers.

The next important fact to notice about the Treaty of Bucharest is that it depends upon the observance of the Treaty of London. It is necessary to understand clearly what this means. If the Treaty of London which created the Enos-Midia line were successfully torn up by the Turks, Bulgaria would get even less—much less in the material value of territory—than she gets by the Treaty of Bucharest. It is essential, therefore, to remember that the acceptance of the Treaty of Bucharest by the Powers postulates the accomplishment of the Treaty of London. Otherwise the Treaty of Bucharest would not be defensible. Those who believe themselves to be acting as the friends of Turkey in this country ask why, if Greece and Servia were allowed to acquire new territory by conquest after the war between the Balkan Alliance and Turkey had been brought formally to an end, Turkey should not also be allowed to keep the territory she has reconquered. Besides, it is argued, Turkey has not really violated a treaty at all, as the Treaty of London had not been ratified. "You make one law for the Christian," it is said, "but another for the Turk. It is evident that the Turks would be allowed to remain wherever they are at the moment the men in possession—if only they were not Turks!" Superficially, of course, there is undoubted logic in such an argument. But if we recognize that the Treaty of Bucharest is tolerable only because it assumes the

operation of the Treaty of London—that is to say, the virtual retirement of the Turks from Europe—the logic crumbles to pieces. Permission to the Turks to stay at Adrianople and in the surrounding towns might be compatible with some scheme which has never come into existence; it is not compatible with the scheme that holds the field. Mr. Asquith said that the Balkan States could not conceivably be deprived of what they had won from the Turks, and we agree with him. We cannot contemplate the possibility of going back on that decision simply because a series of unforseen events allowed the Turks, practically unopposed, to reoccupy territory from which they had been driven. This is not a question of serving Bulgarian interests so much as of releasing a portion of Europe from Turkish rule in the interests of everybody. It will be said, of course, that the stories of atrocities prove that Bulgarians (Greeks and Servians, too, for that matter, if all the rumors are to be believed) are not more desirable rulers on the score of humanity than the Turks themselves. We cannot hope to test the conflicting stories of atrocities, but whatever the truth may be we take the general difference between Christian and Turkish atrocities to be this: that though the Christian peasants of the Balkan Peninsula may all be capable of cruelty when their blood is up, and the provocation has been great, no Christian Balkan State has ever exalted massacre into a policy in time of peace, whereas the Turks have notoriously done so. This is only too painfully proved by the Adana massacre and all the massacres of Armenians and Bulgarians in the past.

Turkey has been fairly warned that it will be in her own interest to retire behind the Enos-Midia line. If she does not do so she will forfeit the consideration of the Powers in all the financial arrangements which have yet to be made in connection with her lost territories. She will also lose the support and sympathy of the Powers in her reconstruction of her Asiatic empire. It is not to be supposed that reforms in Armenia are going to be wholly forgotten by Europe. Unless we are mistaken we shall hear a good deal about this question in the future. Europe will watch what happens with close concern. But if Turkey retained Adrianople and an important part of Thrace there would be very little prospect of Armenian reforms, or, indeed, of any solid progress in Asia Minor. Turkey would continue looking West instead of looking East. If troubles broke out in her Asiatic or Arabian territories the Powers could not be expected to exercise patience or lend her money. It would be much more likely that, all patience being exhausted, they would join in a scramble for partition. Great Britain has no interest in a partition of the Turkish Empire, and we should be very sorry to see it happen, but it is useless to disguise the fact that the possibility would be brought appreciably nearer if Turkey remained recalcitrantly at Adrianople. We are inclined to think on the whole that Turkey will give way. But it is to be remembered that if the coercion of Turkey by force actually became necessary it would be easy enough. Foreign ships could close the Dardanelles, and Turkey would probably lose her fleet, and perhaps her foothold in Europe altogether.

We need not go into the question of Albania and the Ægean islands, as these present no obvious difficulties. Albania is to pass through a transitional stage under the rule of a Commission into an independent principality, and as to the possession of the islands the Great Powers have passed

a self-denying ordinance. Even Italy makes no claim to the islands she temporarily occupies. It should not be forgotten that if a friendly revision of the Treaty of Bucharest in minor respects should be found possible after all, the Powers have several islands to "play with." Greece as a naval power is much attracted to islands, not to mention the compelling force of the ancient Greek sentiments and glories which are bound up with the islands. It might therefore be possible, without in any serious sense reopening the questions settled at Bucharest, to enable Bulgaria to get a more valuable portion of the Thracian coast by setting off against it islands of disputable attachment that will naturally be coveted by the Greeks. This matter if properly handled would concern Bulgaria and Greece alone, and need not provoke the jealousy of other nations.

We cannot end without offering a word of congratulation to Sir Edward Grey, to whom more than to any other man Europe owes her deliverance from the peril of general war. A Balkan war used to be spoken of as a kind of synonym for Armageddon. Yet two distinct Balkan wars have come and gone and the harmony of the Great Powers is a much more solid fact now than it was at the beginning. The machinery of discussion which has kept the Great Powers in touch, and sufficiently at one for the general purpose of peace, was the Ambassadors' Conference in London. And this was the creation of Sir Edward Grey. We doubt whether any other Minister of Foreign Affairs would have been allowed to summon it, or whether any place but London would have been agreed upon as its meeting-place. The peace concluded by the Treaty of London was Sir Edward Grey's peace. Almost the same may be said of the new peace among the Balkan States. It is in numerous respects far short of a perfect peace, but it may serve. That it is accepted by Europe as a whole is a fact to the good that once seemed beyond the dreams of optimism.

The Spectator.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN DILEMMA.

President Wilson is not happy in his method of dealing with Mexican affairs, and now his last chance of coming to a colorable compromise with the Huerta régime has been swept away. We never believed that the Mexican Dictator would publicly acknowledge his position to be illegal and abandon it to please the United States. Even if President Huerta had consented to resign and accept a new election, he would certainly have been re-elected, and then President Wilson could not have declined to recognize him. But this would not have saved Mr. Wilson from the dilemma in which he has landed himself. If the refusal to recognize Huerta was due to outraged morality, it is hard to see how this is bettered by his re-election. If Huerta is distasteful because he owes his position to force, he is not really any the better because he has been put back by the nominal popular vote. President Wilson has landed himself in an impasse for which he alone is responsible. We do not for a moment believe that he is amenable to the sinister influences that would be only too ready to pull the wires in this matter, but he is rapidly blundering into a state of affairs from which he can hardly escape in the end save by sacrificing

American prestige in Mexico or adopting the "forward" policy of the financial ring who desire to intervene in Mexico from the basest motives.

It is, of course, nonsense to talk of an "ultimatum" from the Mexican Government, but it is evident that, though Mr. Lind's negotiations proceed with the usual forms of courtesy, Mr. Wilson is not going to receive any encouragement from Mexico, and he will have either to endorse the Huerta system or intervene. If he adopts the first course he will have drawn down upon himself an unnecessary humiliation; if the second, he will have put himself in the hands of the Jingo element in the United States, a really worse humiliation, for it would mean the abandonment of all the principles on which he won office and the adoption of a policy such as he denounced in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. Why President Wilson should have embarked upon a course of action so inimical to the best interests of Mexico and the United States alike it is hard to understand; probably it is due to a pedantic view of what "righteousness" demanded. The recognition of Huerta would really mean the recognition of a Diaz régime which has acquired its position by force. But then Madero ejected Porfirio Diaz by force, and it is impossible to establish or maintain any authority in Mexico at the present time by any means but force, and the President's theories cannot blind him to facts so remorselessly as to make him unaware of this. Had he accepted Huerta as President, the United States might well have hoped to exercise legitimate influence in Mexican affairs. But he cannot be unaware that the Mexicans regard their powerful neighbors with a not unmerited suspicion, and the attitude he has thought fit to assume has placed him on the "slippery slope" which leads to war. This would be the very last thing he could wish. It would unite all parties in Mexico against the foreigner, and the struggle would last for years, taxing to the utmost even the resources of the United States.

Such a deplorable result as this might in certain circumstances be necessary, though, even then, it could be only a desperate expedient, but undertaken for such causes as would bring it about now, it would be merely playing into the hands of the very financial interests that the President set out to destroy, truly an instructive instance of the irony of politics. A policy entered upon only on the highest ethical grounds is to make its creator merely a tool in the hands of the most corrupt and corrupting forces in American politics. It is sincerely to be hoped that the President will pause before he embarks upon such a course.

The most encouraging element in the situation is to be found in the fact that, while the negotiations proceed without either side receding an inch, the Federal troops continue their victorious career in Mexico itself. In a short time President Huerta may have established his authority so strongly that it will be hopeless to try to upset it, and a formula may be arrived at that will enable President Wilson to recede gracefully from a position he ought never to have taken up.

It is significant of the straits to which the United States Government has reduced itself by its blunders that Washington political circles are expressing the hope that "our British cousins will help Uncle Sam in his dilemma." This sudden outburst of affectionate feeling is touching enough whatever the cause may be. We are not likely to stand in the way of any reasonable settlement, and we hope our own representative and those of other friendly Powers may do their

best to induce the United States to accept the accomplished fact. Foreigners of all nations will be the first to feel the disastrous results of hostilities between Mexico and the United States. The view taken by foreign residents is shown by the fact that the British in Mexico are taking the lead in promoting a petition to the Powers of Europe imploring them to use their influence to bring about a unanimous recognition of the Huerta régime.

So if President Wilson resolves to pursue the course he has embarked upon to the bitter end, he will defy all the best foreign opinion and deliberately wreck for a long time all law and order in Mexico itself. He surely cannot be so hopelessly doctrinaire as to hold that Mexico has yet arrived at a stage of development when outsiders have a right to demand that all the formalities of constitutional government should be observed there. Mexico is not yet ripe even for the very imperfect methods of ascertaining the popular will that prevail in Dr. Wilson's own land. A hand that will not hesitate to shoot is the only hand that can hold the reins in Mexico. If this was not clear before it has been made so by recent events, and every day seems to show that in Huerta the kind of President that was wanted has been found. Surely it requires something more than theoretical views as to popular election to plunge Mexico into anarchy again in order to satisfy them.

It is impossible to avoid seeing that President Wilson is, of course unconsciously, playing the game of those in the United States who want to control Mexican politics in order to fill their own pockets. Madero was their nominee, and he was overthrown and murdered by the Diaz party. This party is, it is true, represented by Huerta, but to represent the recognition of Huerta as a condonation of Madero's murder is pure nonsense. To expect a Mexican revolution, or any revolution, to be carried through without murder is as absurd as to expect a Presidential election in the United States to be accomplished without corruption. Unctuous rectitude is in this case only playing the game of financial villainy, and, oddly enough, the very villainy President Wilson pledged himself to unmask. If he wishes to plunge his own country into a war that would last for years, drive Mexico itself back into anarchy, and play the game of his own political enemies, then he will continue his present policy and try to break down the Huerta régime. On the other side is the alternative of accepting a trifling reverse in policy, and recognizing facts. He will have to adopt one policy or the other. Neither may be pleasant, but there can be no doubt which is recommended by humanity and common sense.

The Saturday Review.

SPEECH AND POLITICS.

A blue-book issued quite recently is a reminder that even in these comparatively homogeneous islands we have our differences of language. Over a third of the population of Wales is bilingual and some 8 per cent speak nothing but Welsh. Four out of every hundred Scotchmen and fourteen out of every hundred Irishmen are also adepts in their respective forms of Gaelic. The carnival of these tongues by the side of and in competition with English spells however, on the whole, few political complications. Even in Wales, where the use of the Welsh language is cherished as a symbol of nationality, the problems that its persistence raises are mainly administra-

tive and not political. Perhaps the nearest approach that this kingdom has seen to the language movements that have harassed Continental statesmen is the Gaelic revival in Ireland. A few years ago, before it lost something of its novelty and enterprise, the Gaelic League seemed a really stalwart body. Those who believed that Ireland was in the throes of some such renascence of her national spirit and character as Hungary underwent in the middle of last century pointed to the League and its influence and activities as justifying their faith. If they no longer do so, it is not so much that the propaganda has failed as that it has begun to show signs of that creeping paralysis which sooner or later overtakes all Irish movements that are not mainly material. Historically it is no doubt a fact that a language, even when on its death-bed, can be revived, and that, when revived, it becomes the most potent of all agencies in the building up of nationality. But the Irish are not the people for any such feat of endurance as this, and it is already clear that the attempt to preserve and extend Gaelic as a medium of every-day intercourse will fail. A little over a hundred years ago it was spoken up to the gates of Dublin; it has now fallen to the status of a mere fugitive dialect of the barren and backward west; and not even the success of the League in forcing it into the schools and making it a compulsory subject for matriculation in the new university can avert its decay.

"No language, no nation," says a Dutch proverb; and it is true that a common speech spreads its roots far down in the complex psychology of nationhood. We can scarcely imagine what we in England would be like if English a century hence were to die out among us or to linger only in remote seaboard places, and if our tongues become habituated to the use of another language. We can only be sure that we should not be English, that we should have parted with something that made us a distinctive nationality, and that our minds and manners and ideals and the whole bent of our civilization would be marked with an alien stamp. This more or less is what has happened to the Irish; and a short but sufficient answer to their claim to possess the attributes of a genuine nationality is that within the past hundred years they have voluntarily allowed themselves to become almost wholly Anglicized. With their usual charming habit of never being to blame for anything, they have tried to throw the blame for the decline of their old national language upon the broad British shoulders. But it is impossible to stamp out a language which the people who speak it are determined to keep alive. It was not England that suppressed Gaelic; it was Gaelic that weakened and died under a social and ecclesiastical stigma imposed by the Irish themselves. Undoubtedly its oblivion has done something to disintegrate the spirit of Irish nationality. Undoubtedly also its revival, if it could ever be revived effectually, would mean an Ireland made over. Some of the most interesting examples of national resurrection in modern Europe have had their source in the revival of local dialects. The researches and enthusiasm of a few philologists at the end of the eighteenth century started the movement that culminated in Hungarian independence. The Czechs in Bohemia have only become a solid political power since they discarded German and regained possession of their native tongue. The same impulse of national regeneration, fed from the same springs, has thrilled in turn the Poles and the Finns. The Dutch proverb quoted above ought not

of course to be taken too literally. Switzerland, for instance, is unquestionably and in every sense a nation, although three official languages are allowed in the Parliament at Berne, and on occasion not less than five have been known to crop up in the excitement of debate. But as a rule it remains true that few influences are more subtle, more moulding, more separative in their effects, or harder to shake off, than the influence of language; and a people which has once foregone and then recaptured the use of its own tongue is raised insensibly to a higher pitch of self-consciousness and virility. There may even be hope for the Koreans now that the missionaries, after four hundred years of disuse, are reviving the Korean language.

The Catholic prelates of Austria, in council assembled, once declared that "all differences of language were the consequence of sin and the fall of man," and as such, presumably, could not be put a stop to too soon. Whether that be good theology or not, many Governments have convinced themselves that it is good politics. In Great Britain, however, and throughout the British Empire we have acted on a quite opposite theory. We have made the tender preservation of the tongues of such alien white peoples as we govern one of the principles of our Imperial policy. We have even carried it at times to a point where statesmanship has been submerged in a gush of philological enthusiasm. The privileged position so long enjoyed by Italian in Malta is conspicuously a case in point. Italian never had any logical standing in the colony at all. It is not the language of the natives, who speak an incurable vernacular akin to Arabic, and it is not the language of the Empire. Nevertheless it was for many years the exclusive language of the law courts, it was optional in the Council, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis made a determined effort to establish it as the sole language of education. Until Mr. Chamberlain brought his vigorous common sense to bear on the question, a British subject in the nominally British colony of Malta was tried in Italian, his evidence was translated into Italian, his lawyer pleaded in Italian, and the verdict for or against him was delivered in Italian. In Canada, strongly against the advice of Lord Durham, and in South Africa we have adopted the same policy of fostering a plurality of tongues on a far larger scale and, of course, with much more excuse. Time may justify it and disclose compensations that will more than offset its palpable drawbacks and inconveniences; and in any case there can be no question of reversing it. But it is worth noting that it is not the policy of any other Imperial Power and that the Boers themselves never practised it. They absorbed the Huguenot refugees in a generation by making them learn the taal and by stamping out the patois of the new settlers with the directness of Russians attacking Finnish. Alone of the leading nations we make no official attempt to propagate or insure the supremacy of our own language in our own dominions; and if the United Kingdom were to act on the suggestion of certain statesmen and convert itself into a sort of administrative and legislative heptarchy, what was once Great Britain might become almost as polyglot as Austria-Hungary.

Sydney Brooks.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A book for quiet hours and enduring appreciation is "The Hand or Petrarch," by T. R. Sullivan. It is a collection of short stories and the first tells of the love which a goldsmith of Bergamo in the 14th century felt for the poet Petrarch. Here we find pure emotion, the joy of craftsmanship, and love of the beautiful expressed in a manner that makes us follow a story of times long past with complete absorption. The other stories touch a variety of people and a variety of places; from a French actress to a Roman cabman, from the seclusion of a small New England town to a Paris banking house. The stories have this in common: an insight into moods and events which the ordinary observer would pass as insignificant, but which the author understands as the very fabric of true romance. They are cosmopolitan in their breadth, and finished with the most minute care. The reader who skims will find little to hold him in these stories, but one who is willing to approach them in a leisurely way will find a wealth of interest, of feeling, of delicious humor, and of wisdom. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Alaska; a railroad built in spite of tremendous obstacles; the strife of two big-brained men, the one unscrupulous and the other honorable; the love of a young newspaper woman for Murray O'Neil, the "Irish Prince," who wrought his dreams into steel bridges and iron tracks; this is the "stuff" of which Rex Beach makes his new novel "The Iron Trail." Everything is on a large scale here, and from the steamship wreck in the first chapter until the final page the interest is intense. With material which would lend itself admirably to melodrama, and vital situations enough for half a dozen different stories, Rex Beach always avoids the crudely sensational. In his most exciting moments there is an element of restraint. His descriptions of glaciers and great rivers and storms are vivid and stirring, but the descriptions never get in the way of the narrative, which is rapid and absorbing. The book is a worthy successor to the author's other well-remembered stories of heroic men who conquered great obstacles. Harper and Brothers.

Thomas Nelson Page has named a collection of short, unrelated stories "The Land of the Spirit." It is his belief, stated in the preface, that during the last decade the universal mind has been drawn more forcefully than ever before to things of the spirit, and that the new moral movements have shown men that the kingdom of heaven is here and now. Therefore each of these stories, whether it deals with a party of commercial travelers at an old Southern Hotel, or with the Inn at Bethlehem, emphasizes the value of spiritual over material things. Two of the stories, "The Old Planters," and "The Trick Doctor" are in the vein by which Thomas Nelson Page is most widely known and admired, for they deal with Southern life and people. Others, "The Stranger's Pew," "The Stable of the Inn," and "The Shepherd Who Watched by Night," are mystical and allegorical. The remaining stories, "The Bigot" and "The Outcast," are strong studies of human nature. All are told with the charm and old fashioned gentleness and literary distinction which are characteristic of the author's work. Charles Scribner's Sons.